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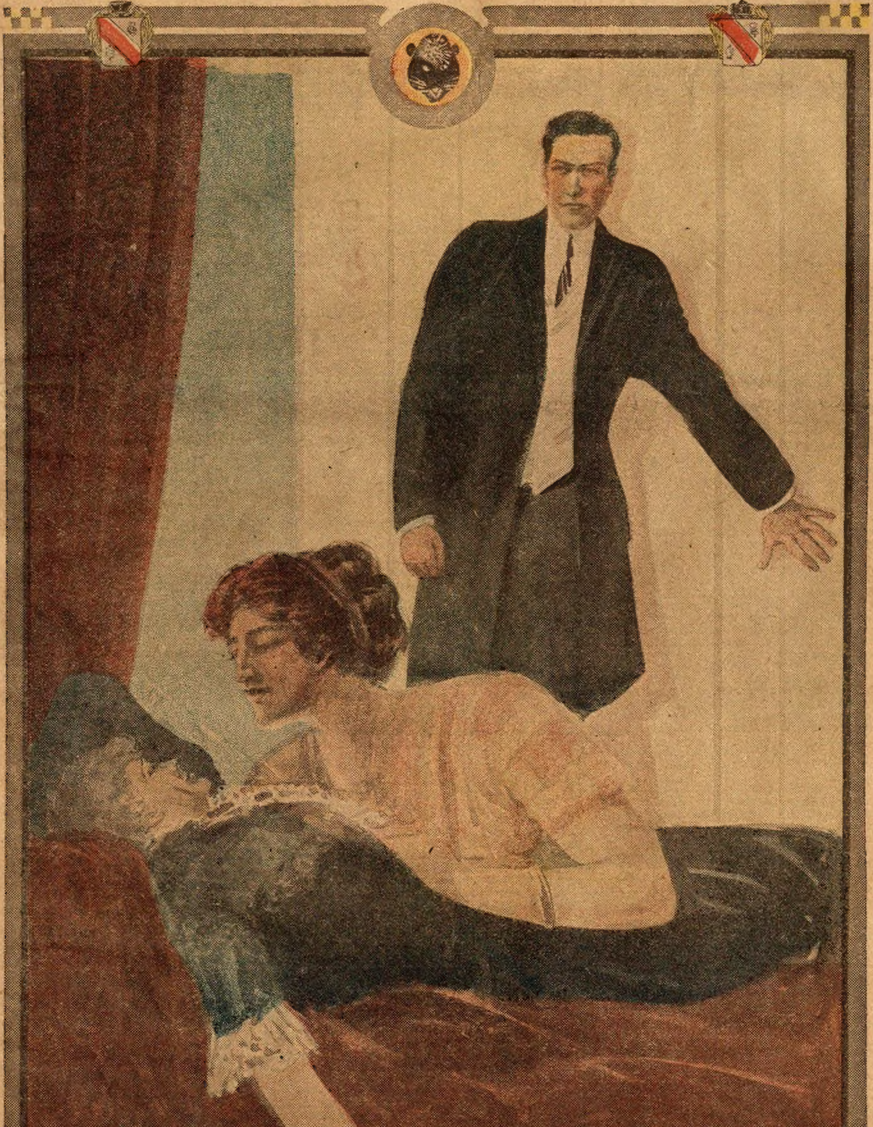
The Diamond Mouse

Or, THE BLACK DOCTOR'S PLOT

By Captain Jack Judson



The Curse of Culloden is Really Gone

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CHAPTER I.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

"HELP! help! help!"

It was more of a groan than a cry and it passed out into the gathering murk and lost itself among the clustered trees that fronted one of the stateliest old mansions whose foundations were laid in Colonial times.

Thrice the cry was repeated, the last with a spasmodic effort that emphasized some deadly peril. Death seemed to lurk in the very intonation of the call. And yet the old house did not look as though its heavy paneled doors had ever given ingress to crime, or that malice had ever lifted the brazen knocker fashioned like a lion's head.

A high-ceiled, old-fashioned parlor lay behind that door. Its furnishings were antique, but the best. Good English gold had purchased the rare mahogany, the Chippendales, the Louis Quinze adornments, and the thick carpets on the floor were the products of looms which years before had crumbled away. The curtains at the wide windows showed scenes of love-making at the courts of kings, and the paper on the walls depicted the adventures of the Greek Ulysses.

And yet all this was not in a foreign land, but in our own America, for Ravenswood occupied a romantic spot in Virginia where the mountains reared their crested crowns and a turbulent river dashed over walls of solid rock.

In the middle of the room already mentioned sat the person from whose lips the lone cry had come. She was a woman on the shady side of life. To have seen her one would have thought that she had just stepped out of the long past. She was garbed after a fashion which would have carried the beholder back to Colonial days, yet her face had none of the features of those times. Semblances of former beauty clung about her as the fresh green ivy clings to the decaying oak. Her jeweled hands looked youthful. Her eyes showed no signs of age, and her hair, though well streaked with gray, was soft and glossy.

For all this and her recumbent attitude in the old-fashioned chair, the cry had been torn from her as with the pincers of terror. No one answered the call. It drifted on and on, losing itself at last among the cool shades from which no footsteps came.

At last this woman pulled herself together and got upon her feet. She reeled across the room and reached the door. Her eager hands jerked it open. The wind, mingled with a dashing spray of rain, struck her face. She stood there like some ghostly thing and peered out into the night. The cry sounded once more.

"Help! For God's sake, help! Quick!"

She tottered back to the chair and caught up a little black ivory box that stood on the table. The lid flew open by a pressure on an unseen spring. The woman leaned forward and stared into the box. It was empty. The sight seemed to shatter her last strained nerves. The black box dropped from her hands and struck the floor; then she uttered a long, low cry and sank at the foot of the table like one suddenly stricken by death.

A weird patter of feet came down a flight of steps which terminated in a broad hallway to the right of the room. The door opened, and an object, half man, half beast, intruded a hideous head. It was the head of a dwarf, set upon Atlantean shoulders. A brace of deeply buried eyes stared at the body on the floor. Their owner uttered a guttural cry and leaped forward. His long, ape-like arms encircled the woman and lifted her up. She opened her eyes and uttered two words:

"Halco! Gone!"

The dwarf kicked something at his feet. He looked down and saw the empty box. In another moment he had deposited the woman in the chair and was holding the box in his hands. His dark brows puckered. He cast the box upon the table and bolted to the door, but the woman's voice called him back.

"No!" she said. "You must not desert me, good Halco. Help me to my room. Put the box in my hands. There!" She stared at it in silence. "The Mouse is gone. God help the House of Cheverly!"

The dwarf obeyed her every command. He picked her up with a giant's ease and bore her from the room. He carried her upstairs, her hands all the while clutched tightly about the black box, and deposited her gently upon a couch hung with silken curtains.

"Has Estelle returned?" asked the woman, gazing into the dwarf's face.

"No, Madam."

"She will come. But keep the secret, Halco, about the Diamond Mouse."

The obedient dwarf nodded. The woman fell back upon the pillows, releasing a long pent-up sigh, and closed her eyes. Halco, the deformed, stole softly from the chamber.

Ravenswood was the last of the old Colonial homes in that section. It had sheltered the beaux and belles of vanished days, but their ghosts seemed to linger among the ample rooms. It had passed from one generation to another, aging all the time, but still clinging to its former stateliness and beauty.

The woman who had uttered the cry for help was the last of the Cheverlys. She was known to some as "Lady Constance," but her servitors generally addressed her as "Madam." She had descended from a line of English nobles who in their time stood near the throne. Childless, but not alone, for her ward, the beautiful Estelle, inhabited Ravenswood with her, she had grown up under the roof of the manor house.

Her greatest care had been the black ivory box which had a history of its own at once thrilling and uncanny. Its contents was an ivory mouse, excellently done in black, with a magnificent diamond set in its forehead. It was said that the relic once belonged to the young Pretender, "King Charlie," who staked his fortunes at Culloden and lost all. The loss of the Diamond Mouse was said to mean not only the ruin of its possessors, but deatn. A long line of tragedies could be traced from the time it passed from the Pretender's hands to the moment of its disappearance at Ravenswood.

There was a dangerous glint in the dwarf's eyes when he crept from the bedchamber. He went down to the parlor, where a tall waxen candle flamed in its gilded sconce. He darted hither and thither, searching exerywhere. His little eyes let nothing elude them. All at once he bolted from the room, and stood on the broad veranda covered with the delicate vines of the Virginia creeper. A low cry leaped from his lips,

A beautiful young girl, escorted by a handsome man, came up the box-bordered walk. They halted suddenly upon seeing Halco.

"Behold our welcome, Sylvan!' she exclaimed, with a side glance at her companion, and then she addressed the dwarf.

"Did we not hear a cry, Halco?"

"The Madam, miss."

"What has happened?"

"A fright, miss."

The face of Estelle Randolph went white.

"A fright?" she echoed. "Is it nothing more than that?"

Halco stepped back and opened the door. The young couple entered.

"Up in her chamber, Miss Estelle."

The girl fairly bounded up the stairs. Her escort was at her heels. She flew down the corridor and burst unceremoniously into Madam's room. Lady Constance had swooned again. Estelle bent breathlessly over her. In one of the white hands the box was tightly clinched.

"The mouse box!" cried the girl, turning suddenly upon her companion. "Is it possible——"

She broke her own sentence and wrenched the box from Madam's hand. A glance, and her face went whiter than ever.

"Look, Sylvan!" she exclaimed. "The Diamond Mouse is gone! The curse, the curse!"

The box fell from Estelle's hands and alighted upon the bed. The contact aroused Madam.

"Ah! you have seen?" cried the elderly woman, staring first at Estelle and then at the empty box. "The Curse of Culloden is really gone."

In vain did the young girl try to dissipate her fears in a bit of laughter.

"When did this happen, aunt?" she asked.

"I do not know. I found it empty in the red parlor. Who took the Mouse I do not know. You know what it portends, child?"

"I know the foolish story," smiled Estelle. "It is an old woman's tale——"

"Ruin and death!" wailed Lady Constance. "Help me up! No, I am strong, you see." She had leaped from the couch and was standing in the middle of the floor. "Gone! gone! And with it your happiness and mine, my dear."

She would have fallen back upon the bed if the young man had not supported her.

"It is not in the house. He must have taken it, and yet I haven't seen him about."

Estelle's look was an interrogation.

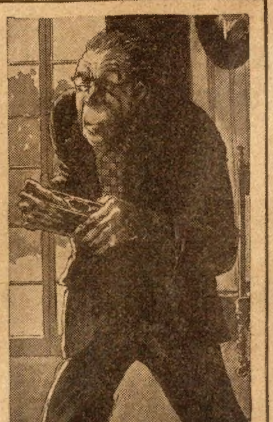
"Come!" she cried, clutching Sylvan's arm. "It may not be too late yet. The thief may be in the grounds. Compose yourself, aunt," and Estelle pulled her friend from the room and they went down the stairs together.

"We must recover the Diamond Mouse if we have to ransack the world for it!" she exclaimed. "Aunt Constance is the last of the Cheverlys, you know."

CHAPTER II.

THE WHITE WOMAN.

The young girl and her companion passed out of the house and into the grove that stretched away from the manor toward the rolling river not far distant. The night had gathered swiftly. From far off came a rumbling peal of thunder, telling them that a storm was coming up from below, and while the last sound of the cloud battery was echoing in their strained ears a vivid scimeter of lightning zigzagged among the pines. Estelle drew closer to Sylvan with a shudder.



Holding the box in his hands.

"We can find no one in this darkness," said he. "If the thief is near he has sought protection somewhere, and will not reveal himself to us."

"But the box—the Diamond Mouse!" she almost wailed.

"What is it? You have never spoken to me of it——"

"But you must have heard."

"When I was a boy I read in some strange book about a black box which was called the Curse of Culloden."

"That is the box Aunt Constance has lost," was the reply. "I will tell its story some other time as I know it. Let us go down to the ferry. Perchance the thief sought old Jasper's services, for the old man keeps a boat."

"But the storm will break in a few moments and you will get drenched."

"Just as though I am sugar or salt," laughed Estelle. "The ferry is but a few steps away."

"As you will, then."

They hurried down a path that wound through the grove, with now and then a scattering drop in their faces. A small boathouse stood at the fringe of the river, and it was discovered by a flash of lightning.

"There it is!" cried Estelle, with a look of joy. "Now we shall find old Jasper."

An antiquated darky of the old school was standing in the door of the boathouse, and the moment he caught sight of the girl he uttered a cry of apprehension.

"Fo' de land sakes, chile! You will get all wet ef you don't come inside."

The pair drew nearer, and Estelle, halting before the ferry keeper, laid one hand on his arm.

"I don't care for the rain, Uncle Jasper," she exclaimed. "It's not to escape that that we came down here. Whom have you ferried across the river tonight?"

The old darky's face became a study.

"Across de ribber an' tonight?" he echoed. "Who, think you, Miss Esta, would want ter cross on a night like dis?"

"No honest people," was the reply. "But whom have you taken across."

"Not a soul, bress yo' life."

"You are quite sure, Jasper?"

"As ole Jasper hopes some day to wear a golden crown!" asseverated the sable Charon. "But what's happened that you think some one would cross?" he suddenly went on.

"Never mind," and Estelle looked at Sylvan. "If you have ferried no one to the other side——"

"But I brought de Doctor over here," interrupted the old man.

"Doctor Gurth?"

"Yes, Miss Esta."

"He said as how Yellow Chloe was sick, an' dat he was goin' to see her."

The girl made no reply to this information.

"We will go back," she said to Sylvan. "If only Doctor Gurth came over it means nothing."

Sylvan Roche turned away with Estelle, but a moment later he asked:

"Who is this Doctor Gurth?"

"I forgot that you do not know him," and the girl seemed to smile. "He is the cure-a'l of the district. He doctors Aunt Constance sometimes, but she rarely needs his services. He is a strange man, Sylvan, and I want you to meet him some time. I could never learn why he hides himself in such a country as this, as his talents would command money in the cities. I believe his full name is Saltus Gurth, but about here he is known as the Black Doctor, on account of his swarthy face."

"He doctors white and black alike, does he?"

"All patients are the same to him," smiled Estelle. "While I never took very kindly to him, though his medical skill is not to be underrated, I must confess that he has a legion of friends."

They were moving slowly back toward the manor house. The lightning was now more frequent than before. The crashes of thunder among the trees were enough to appall the bravest-hearted, and Sylvan felt the young girl nestle closer to his side. All at once a bolt seemed to light up the whole expanse before them.

"Look! look!" exclaimed Estelle, with a shudder. "Did you not see, Sylvan?"

He had seen. The flash had revealed the manor and its immediate surroundings. At one side of the structure stood a large oak which had guarded the place for centuries. Its gnarled trunk had withstood more than one electric shock, and its spreading branches had been scattered by the swords of the sky. What both of them had seen for the briefest possible space was a human form standing against the oak. The lightning had revealed it from head to foot, and Sylvan felt Estelle's arm quiver within his own.

"It is the White Woman!" he heard her gasp. "It is the woman of the story of the Diamond Mouse!"

"But what is that story?"

"Not here, Sylvan, not here," cried the white-faced girl. "We will wait for another flash."

It came almost before the last words had fallen from her tongue.

"She is gone!" cried Sylvan.

"Yes. She is no longer beside the tree."

"It was not imagination," said the young man. "I saw her quite distinctly."

"And so did I."

Estelle was leaning forward with every nerve a-quiver. Fearing that her emotions would overcome her, Sylvan placed his arm gently about her waist, but she straightened and looked him in the face.

"That she should be here tonight means something," she said. "The Diamond Mouse is missing. The White Woman has appeared whenever it has been taken."

"It has been stolen before now?"

Yes."

"How often?"

"Aunt Constance could tell you. But we must say nothing about the White Woman. Let this be our secret."

They moved forward once more. A gust of wind drove the cutting rain into their faces. They reached the oak and passed it, Estelle casting at it a shuddering glance as her skirts touched it. As they reached the house another flash revealed the long porch and its clinging vines.

"Doctor Gurth!" cried Estelle, shrinking back.

On the porch, sheltered from the rain, stood a man dark of face and handsome. He laughed lightly as Estelle and Sylvan came up.

"You must excuse me for intruding, Miss Randolph," said he. "I have no idea of becoming a guest. I was forced to take shelter here from the sudden storm which caught me down below. I am on my way to the ferry, having come over to attend Yellow Chloe."

His voice was soft and enticing. Sylvan noticed that he had the shapeliest hands he had ever seen.

"I believe the gust has spent its force," continued Doctor Gurth. "I thank you for the accommodation of your manor, Miss Estelle. I hope Lady Constance is well?"

What should Estelle say?

"She does not need your services, Doctor," she answered. "You will find Uncle Jasper waiting for you."

Doctor Gurth sprang down from the porch with the nimbleness of youth and darted away. Sylvan's gaze followed him.

"I don't wonder that he hasn't favorably impressed you," he said to his fair companion. "I never saw a man of his make-up. He reminds me of pictures of Mephistopheles which I used to see in books. We will go in now. Perhaps Aunt Constance needs you."

He released Estelle in the hall and entered the room from which the cry for help had come that night.

"I wonder why I should come hither at this time?" he said to himself, as the old portraits on the somber walls appeared in the mellow light of the candle on the table. "The Diamond Mouse stolen, the White Woman by the tree, and Doctor Gurth! There's the making of a romance here."

For want of something else to do he picked up the candle and held it before a figure on one of the canvases in the uniform of a cavalier.

"They had handsome faces those days," he said aloud, and just then the door was thrown open and Estelle, looking like the dead, stood framed therein.

"Murder! murder!" she screamed, in accents of horror. "Aunt Constance has been murdered!"

The candle nearly dropped from Sylvan's hand.

CHAPTER III.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

The cry which had welled from Estelle's throat went through the young man like an arrow. He ran into the hall with the light in his hand and found the girl leaning against the stair, white-faced and gasping.

"Oh, Sylvan!" she cried at sight of him. "So soon after the theft of the Mouse!"

"Where is your Aunt Constance?"

Estelle pointed upstairs, and the listener set his foot resolutely on the lower step. He did not look back to see if she was coming up, but hastened up the flight with his face turned toward the bedchamber of Lady Constance.

When he opened the door he stopped as though a hand had suddenly gripped his arm. The little old-fashioned but well-appointed room was before him. He saw it by the light which burned on the mahogany dresser near the curtained couch. Of Lady Constance, however, he could see nothing, but, remembering Estelle's cry, he bounded forward and parted the bed curtains. Lady Constance was there.

Sylvan saw at once the look of horror which seemed to distend the glassy eyes, and then his gaze fell upon the hands tightly clinched about the black ivory box. Even in death she still clung to the curse of the House of Cheverly.

The silence which brooded in that death chamber seemed palpable. Sylvan bent forward and held the light which he had taken from the dresser close to the body. There were no signs of violence, and a hope surged up in his heart that perhaps after all the crime of murder had not followed the loss of the Diamond Mouse.

"It was not by knife or bullet," said a voice behind him, and he turned to look into the drawn face of Estelle, who had come in as noiselessly as a shadow.

"I can see no wound," said Sylvan.

"But look here!" and the girl turned down the lace collar at Lady Constance's throat and shot him another look.

"I see!"

Like a flash there passed through Sylvan's brain the discovery that the woman had been strangled. He saw what Estelle's distended eyes had already noticed, the marks of fingers at the throat, and then he knew how the last Cheverly had died.

"Doctor Gurth?" he said, looking at the girl who was trying to force calmness into her nature. "He has barely reached the ferry."

"No!" cried Estelle, gripping his arm. "Doctor Gurth cannot revive the dead. Let the Black Doctor go."

After a while they stole softly from the chamber and went to the rooms below. A strange terror which seemed to render them speechless had taken possession of the house. The storm of rain had passed, but the winds bowed the trees outside and shook the loose shutters with their weird farewells.

"Where is Halco?" asked Estelle, as they entered the parlor. "The imp has been missing ever since we returned from our walk."

Sylvan had forgotten the dwarf.

"He may have a clew to tnis last mystery," he answered. "Where does the man sleep?"

"In the little room at the end of the east wing."

The young man bounded away and scurried toward the chamber which he had never entered. The door stood ajar. He threw it wide and stepped across the threshold. Like a sleeping beast tangled into a Gordian knot, Halco occupied a low cot in one corner. Sylvan seized the twisted figure and jerked it forward. The dwarf unclosed his eyes and flashed a look of resentment at the disturber of his repose.

"Get up!" cried Sylvan, shaking him. "Lady Constance has been murdered!"

The dwarf got upon his feet and shook himself like a dog.

"Murdered?" he echoed, and there was a singular tone to his voice. "Could Halco help it, master?"

"I'm finding no fault," answered Sylvan, through clinched teeth. "Don't accuse yourself. Where have you been since we saw you on the porch?"

The long finger of the deformed pointed to the tumbled couch.

"You make a good sentry, to be sure," laughed the young man. "You sleep whilst death prowls about like a wolf. Who entered the house? People of your ilk have ears like the fox. They say they hear in their sleep." He shook the little man again. "If you don't believe that murder is abroad come with me."

He forced Halco from the room, and hurried along the corridor with him. At the head of the stair he paused. There were voices below and he heard Estelle's.

"She was killed in her bedchamber," the girl was saying to some unseen person. "I found her there myself. Sylvan has gone to find Halco, but you know the way, Doctor."

The next moment the form of a man appeared on the stairway. Sylvan uttered a cry of recognition, for the light which came up from below revealed the personality of the Black Doctor.

"It's a good thing Old Jasper was on the other side of the river," he heard Doctor Gurth say. "I thought I would come back, for something seemed to tell me that all was not just right at Ravenswood."

Up the broad steps he came, his dark face a mystery in the gleam of the candle. At sight of Sylvan he paused, gave another look, and advanced again. The young man, still holding Halco in his grip, fell to one side to let the Black Doctor pass.

"Bad business, eh?" ejaculated Doctor Gurth, with a look into Sylvan's eyes.

"It is terrible, Doctor."

Without more ado the Doctor flitted by him, and looking down the flight, Sylvan caught sight of Estelle, whose hand was beckoning to him. He went down and paused before her.

"He says he thought something was wrong in the manor," she said. "Jasper was across the river. Did he ferry the White Woman across?"

"That is for Jasper to reveal," replied Sylvan.

They waited breathless at the foot of the stair for Doctor Gurth. Halco had slipped out of sight. Moments seemed hours of torture. At last they saw the form of the Black Doctor on the steps, and he came down with an undisturbed face.

"You!" he said, addressing Estelle. "Into the parlor, miss."

With a hurried glance at Sylvan the girl followed the Black Doctor, and the heavy door was closed behind them.

"I don't like that human mystery," thought the young man, with glowering visage. "That man knows more than he will tell."

He paced up and down the hall with every nerve at its utmost tension. Not a sound came from the parlor. If Doctor Gurth and Estelle were carrying on a conversation it must be in whispers. The very stillness impressed Sylvan unfavorably.

All at once there came to his ears a wild cry from beyond the porch. He turned in a flash and threw wide the door, to find the cool wind in his face and to see Halco holding up to him something white in his ape-like hands.

"The dogs have been baiting some one in the grounds!" cried the dwarf. "I took this from Nero's teeth."

Sylvan wrenched the white fabric from Halco's grasp and held it toward the light which sifted across the porch from the hall. It was a torn strip from a woman's dress.

"You took it from the dog?" he cried, with another look at the dwarf. "Perhaps the hound has killed the woman."

In another moment Sylvan was hurrying through the grove wet from the storm. The clouds had passed away, and now the moonlight was sifting through the trees, throwing grotesque shadows everywhere. Nero, the head hound of the manor, suddenly sidled up to him and pressed his cold nozzle against his hand.

"Where is your victim, brute?" cried Sylvan.

The dog seemed to understand, for he bounded down the narrow path which lay before them. Sylvan followed with his heart in his throat. All at once the beast stopped and looked up.

"It was here you found some one?" said the young man. "Here is where you had your battle with the White Woman?"

He did not know why that strange name had fallen from his lips, but it had come unbidden to the surface.

The ground at his feet showed signs of a struggle of some kind. He bent down to examine it more closely. A trail of trampled grass led in the direction of the boathouse. Sylvan rose suddenly to his feet, and, catching the dog by the collar, threw him forward, bidding him take up the trail which he did with a hollow baying.

Man and dog went scurrying through the timber. The boathouse was empty, and Uncle Jasper was nowhere in sight. Sylvan put his hands up and called loudly for the ebony ferryman. No answer but his echo drifted across the stream. He turned and went back to the house, the hound trailing dejectedly at his heels. As he entered the house he came to a sudden halt in the hallway, for a voice had sounded in his ears.

"It is in Lady Constance's will," said the voice. "You are to become my wife, miss. That act alone will break the spell of the Diamond Mouse."

CHAPTER IV.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

It was farthest from Sylvan's thoughts to enact the role of eavesdropper, but the words which he had heard coming, as he knew, from the lips of Doctor Gurth, held him spellbound to the spot. What desperate part was this dark-faced man playing? Really, was there anything in Lady Constance's will that gave Estelle to him? And was it true that only by becoming his wife could the weird spell of the Diamond Mouse be broken?

These queries chased one another with more than lightning rapidity through his mind. He could not hear Estelle's reply. A strange silence had followed the Black Doctor's outburst. At one moment he thought of opening the door and confronting the couple in the red parlor, but caution held him back. If he could have seen beyond the closed portal he would have indulged his first impulse and thrown it wide.

Estelle stood in the middle of the room with heaving bosom and pallid face. There was a flash of resentment in her brilliant eyes that would have deterred a less determined person than the man who confronted her. Her hands were clinched till the pink nails bruised the palms; her foot was set firmly upon the carpet, and her shapely figure was drawn to its true height.

"This is the height of insolence!" cried she, when she found her tongue after the words that had filled her with righteous indignation. "I have never heard such an intimation from Aunt Constance. If, as you aver, I have been given to you by her will, I have never heard of it, and in many ways I was her confidante. The Diamond Mouse, according to legend, affected the House of Cheverly. I am not a blood relation. My aunt took me when a mere child, and brought me up under this roof. Since then I have known no other home. I am a Randolph. The woman who lies murdered in the chamber upstairs was the last of the Cheverlys. Whether true or not, the curse of the Mouse has fallen upon her. It was an evil day when it passed from the young Pretender's hands to visit death and desolation upon its possessors. Your wife, Doctor Gurth? Not while I have a brain to resist!"

"But what if it is in the will?" answered the man, his face getting a darker shade under the spell of passion which swayed his heart.

"I have never seen the will."

"But you know one exists?"

"One was made six months ago."

"Let us find it. It must be among your aunt's private papers."

"They are in the room across the hall. She kept such things in the rosewood cabinet in the library."

"Come, then!" cried Doctor Gurth. "A short search will bring the will to light."

Estelle appeared to acquiesce.

"If the will says so," continued the Black Doctor, "you will not oppose?"

"I will not give my answer now," was the reply.

Sylvan waited to hear no more. He turned on his heel, opened the door, and let himself out upon the porch. The night air cooled his heated brow. He heard footsteps in the hall, and they seemed to die away in the direction of the library.

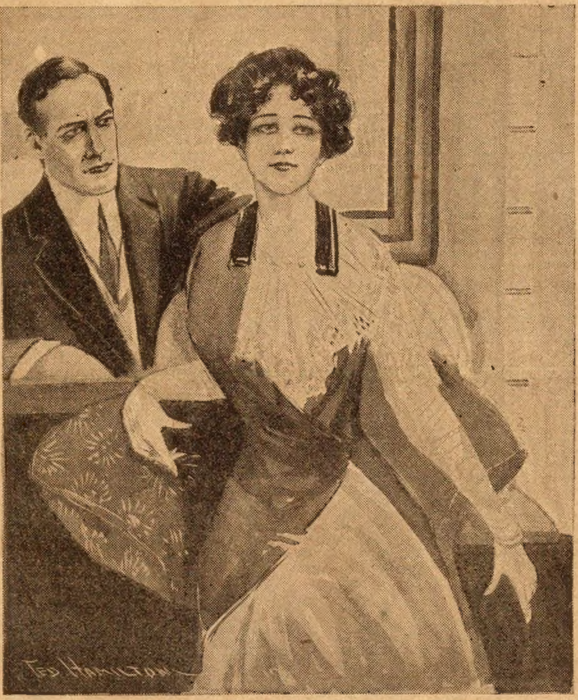
All at once he realized that he was not alone. Something was squatted like a toad against one of the pillars of the porch, and a look made out the distorted figure of Halco, the dwarf. Sylvan took a step toward the deformed. The imp arose and looked up into his face with a pair of keen black eyes such as he had seen in the head of a serpent about to spring.

The young man during his visits to Ravenswood had never liked this creature, and he had wondered why Lady Constance had kept him in her employ. The slaves hated him as well, and no living creature seemed his friend but Nero, the big hound, who obeyed his every whim, and the two had been inseparable for years. They hunted by night in the tarn that lay about the manor. At the most uncanny hour their voices could be heard, Halco shouting out something like an old battle-cry, and Nero answering it by his deep baying, which was almost enough to make one's blood run cold.

Sylvan had half believed that Halco was keeping back some secret connected with the theft of the Diamond Mouse, if not with the tragedy which had followed it. It was very strange, he thought, if this cunning creature had not seen something which to some extent would solve the mystery that had come to Ravenswood. He suddenly walked to where the drawf was crouched, and his hand jerked him into an upright posture. This was nothing for Sylvan, for he had the strength of youth, and Halco winced when he found the young man's fingers among his mucles.

"What is the lay now?" demanded Sylvan. "You've been watching me. Creatures of your make-up are spies. Come, Halco, and let me have the truth without equivocation."

"Oh," laughed Halco, twisting his shoulder in a vain effort to break Sylvan's hold. "You're a truth seeker, I see."



"I promised that I would never disobey her!"

"I am nothing less, and the truth I am bound to have!"

The little eyes seemed to sink into their sockets like the head of an offended turtle.

"You're not going to escape me," pursued Estelle's lover. "I am not here to be balked by—a monstrosity."

Halco abruptly ceased his twistings.

"What is it you would know?" he asked.

"All that you know," was the determined retort. "Who came after the Diamond Mouse?"

"If you had but asked Madam——"

"It is too late to ask Madam, as well you know. You don't sleep always. You are like the fox; the least sound wakens you. Who came before Miss Estelle and I found Doctor Gurth on the porch?"

"No one."

"You lie, monster!"

Once more the beaded orbs of the dwarf flashed a baleful light, and again the hand of Sylvan got a fresh clutch on the bony arm.

"I'll strangle you if you don't tell the truth!" he hissed. "By my hopes of paradise! I'll send you to perdition before your time."

"If the master will only cease to bruise Halco's flesh he may hear something."

Sylvan, taking it for granted that he was on the verge of the great secret, loosened his grip.

"No one came, master."

"Then that one was at the time in the manor?"

At this Halco uttered an apish cry, and the next moment had darted away and was disappearing down the timbered walk. Sylvan cursed himself for his leniency, and glared at the flying figure which was soon out of sight.

"What a fool I am to have trusted that wretch," he cried, making ready to pursue. "But never mind, one of these days I'll wrench the truth from him or have his life!"

He was about to turn again to the manor house proper when the door opened and Doctor Gurth came out.

Sylvan drew quickly to one side of the porch, where he was screened by the vine-clad pillar. He could have touched the Black Doctor by putting out his hand, but, though urged to do so by the hatred he entertained for him, he refrained.

Doctor Gurth threw a look in the direction of the heart of the grove, pulled at his gloves, and stepped from the porch. The young man watched him till the clustered trees hid his figure, and then turned toward the parlor.

Estelle was not in the hall as he expected. He turned the knob and opened the door of the red parlor. As he did so a figure arose before him, and there stood the beautiful girl, set off by the light of the candle in its gilded sconce. Her face was strangely white. Her bosom rose and fell like waves at sea, and for a moment their eyes met without an audible sound to break the tense stillness.

"Is he gone?" were the first words that fell from Estelle's tongue, and her voice had an intonation which to him it had never had before.

"The Black Doctor is gone," answered Sylvan. "I could not but overhear some words, Estelle. I——"

"I thought you might hear," she interrupted. "Unless the unexpected happens I must become the wife of Saltus Gurth."

"You? You the wife of that wretch?" exclaimed Sylvan. "Better death for both of us, my love."

He held out his hands, but she drew her imposing figure to its noble height and looked him resolutely in the face.

"It is so nominated in the will," she went on. "I once promised Aunt Constance that I would never disobey her in anything. Indeed, my promise was a vow."

"Where is the will?" cried Sylvan, incredulously. "Where is the infamous document which gives you body and soul to this despicable scoundrel?"

"You shall see it," said Estelle, in low tones.

Without another word she led the way into the library, with Sylvan at her heels. He saw her open the dead woman's cabinet and take out a folded paper. Her white hands carried it to the light and spread it out before him. Her finger touched a certain place on the page and he bent silently over it.

It was there. In black and white, in the undisputed chirography of the dead woman upstairs, the woman who always said that doom would follow the loss of the Diamond Mouse. Estelle Randolph had been given to Doctor Gurth for his wife!

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

* * *

Saving the Day.

Clergymen's wives must have one quality above all others—tact. The wife of Doctor Locke, a popular London preacher, had tact, and, what was quite as valuable in one instance, at least, quickness of wit.

One day Doctor Locke noticed a lady, whom he much disliked, coming up his front steps. Hurrying upstairs and taking refuge in his study, he left his wife to entertain the caller. Half an hour later he emerged from his retreat, listened carefully on the landing, and hearing nothing below, called down to his wife: "Has that horrible old bore gone?"

The objectionable lady was still in the drawingroom, but Mrs. Locke proved equal to the situation.

"Yes, dear," sne called back, "she went long ago! It is Mrs. A. who is here now."

* * *

Not Henpecked.

A couple of old grouches at the Metropolitan Club in Washington were one night speaking of an old friend who, upon his marriage, took up his residence in another city. One of the grouches had recently visited the old friend, and, naturally, the other grouch wanted news of the benedict.

"Is it true that he is henpecked?" asked the second grouch.

"I wouldn't just say that," responded the first grouch, "but I'll tell you of a little incident in their household that came within my observation. The very first morning I spent with them our old friend answered the letter-carrier's whistle. As he returned to us, in the breakfast-room, he carried a letter in his hand. Turning to his wife, he said:

"'A letter for me, dear. May I open it?'"

That Stiger's Camp Raffle

By *Mason Ray*

WHEN Stiger's Camp was hopelessly divided in opinion it cast dice. Twin aces settled the most knotty problem. And when it possessed superfluous property it raffled that extra merchandise off. Once Sam Bates raffled a phonograph he'd got sick of, and a chap got it that hadn't no more ear for music than a Jersey cow. Another time, Mike Kennedy, who weighs a bit over two hundred, raffled a pair of trousers—corduroys. He'd run short of tobacco cash, and the pants was extra; but, with the fool perversity of luck, them overalls was drawed by Jud Riley, who can 'most walk under Mike's arm. Anyway, from Dave Stiger, the boss, to Long Jim, the cook, every man-jack was forced to purchase a ticket, whether he desired the goods or not. But the last camp raffle worth mentioning was away ahead of any mix-up we'd had before or since, because none of the boys wanted the prize, and were afraid of their lives that luck would favor them. Each chap wished the other fellow success, especially if he held a grudge. This wholesale generosity was a credit to nobody, since the raffled object was a baby—a toddling mite too young for speech.

How he arrived nobody could guess. Like a wind-blown leaf from the sky he landed at the cook-room door and yelled for admittance. When Jim jerked the door wide open we saw a tiny mortal dressed in white—sort of fuzzy cloak and hood—and balancing on feet that had newly learned to walk. His big, questioning eyes were like bits of summer sky and his curls, when the bonnet came off, looked like a halo of sunshine. As he stared down the length of tables surrounded by forty men, the mists gathered in the blue and rolled down his baby face accompanied by frightened sobs. Jud Riley tried to pick him up, but the kid's fright turned to a fit of spunks. He flapped his mittened hands angrily, and fairly jumped up and down, yelling until his face turned red, then holding his breath till his face turned black. Mebby he was looking for a man of size. Anyway, it was Long Jim who caught him up and hushed him quiet, while thirty-nine astonished men rushed pell-mell into the night investigating. But the black space about the three camp buildings—cook-house, bunk-house and barn—told nothing. Even a dozen lighted lanterns gave no clew. And morning light failed to uncover trace of the night prowler who had shamefully abandoned the babe.

"This," stated Buck McGarry, the next evening in the bunk-room to our gaping assembly, "is the devil of a mess! Whatcher going to do?"

No one spoke right off, for we'd been asking ourselves and one another that same question all day, and hadn't got the answer. You see our lumber camp was thirty miles from the nearest settlement, and we'd located late in November for the winter's cut. Nobody hankered for the job of taking a babe out of the woods, even if baby-tending was his forte. And for two men to lay off while we were rushing down timber before the heavy snowfall was unthinkable. Right then Sam Bates, business manager for camp auctions, supplied the remedy.

"Raffle him," said he.

Immediately there uprose a clamor of diverse opinion.

"I ain't no nursemaid!"

"Send him home!"

"Sam's batty. Hear 'im!"

"Advertise in the paper for his ma."

"Whose ma? Sam never had none."

"Neither did the kid. He's a night-hawk, or dropped by one o' them air machines."

"He's a angel; that's what he is—floated right down from Heaven. Don't he look it?" demanded Long Jim, who was holding the child on his knees. "See them yellow curls and them innocent blue eyes. That there's my idea of a cherub."

"Anyway," argued Sam, "we can't none o' us spare time right now to go parent hunting. And I say it's a darn sight more sense to get him a raffled father right here and now and let him do what he likes. It'll lift responsibility offen the rest."

This seemed logic. At least no one was able to present a better idea at that bewildered moment.

"Go it, Sam," roared Jack Rogers who seemed uncommonly tickled with the scheme and he handed out a handful of besmeared tickets we'd used several times before.

Solemnly the hat passed. Each man selected a number, threw in the two bits that was our regular price, then waited in fear and trembling while Dave Stiger made a written list. After that Sam carefully collected the tickets, making sure that no one had his pasteboard hid, and then he shuffled them. Next he pulled up a drygoods box in front of Jim, and sat there with the hatful of tickets between his knees.

"Bub's going to choose his own dad," said he. "Just watch."

Well, sir, that youngster thought it was a game. One by one he gleefully lifted the smeared tickets and threw them on the floor, Jim directing by making him let go of extras. For a half-hour every man in that interested circle shook in his boots for fear fortune 'ud give him the last pasteboard. And for half an hour Jim coaxed on the game of selecting a parent, until but one square remained. Eagerly Jack Rogers leaned forward to inspect.

"Nine!" he shouted, and with one accord every eye turned toward a quiet, aloof sort of a person seated in the farthest corner of the room.

"You're it!" exclaimed a relieved chorus. "Dore Radford's got the devil's own luck. He's Daddy Nine!"

Radford, darkly handsome, uncommunicative, a man who kept to himself and neither courted or evaded his mates' advances, faced us unsmiling.

"Very well," said he, "if you're set on it, have it your way. But mind I pay the kid's keep, and that's all."

It was. Dore Radford withdrew more and more into his shell of silence. Not even the boss knew where he hailed from, but he was an efficient skidder, which was introduction enough. Dave Stiger cared not a rap for the race, color, or previous condition of his workmen. So Radford was left undisturbed to read his books when the smoke-filled air permitted, and no lumberjack wasted work hours gassing with him, for he wouldn't talk.

As for the little chap mysteriously landed in our logging camp, he and Jim got on famously. Before the second day ended the little fellow was tagging the cook from cupboard to table and from table to stove and every other place like the immortal mutton belonging to a girl you all know about. Jim's a first-class cook, and rather neat about redding up, yet that youngster rubbed more dirt on his clothes than you'd a thought was in the whole shebang. It reduced our good opinion of Jim's methods and disgraced his housework.

"Just look at that kid's overalls," disgustedly commented Tom Quinn, the third day after the raffle. "Jim musta mistook him for the mop. He's a sight!"

He was. That child had rubbed smut on his smiling rosebud of a face until nobody but an expert could have picked out his nationality. And his hands! Say, them snowflake paws of his'n were smeared with molasses and grime clear to his elbows on account of Jim's generosity. His white dress was caked with everything handy, and he'd been practicing that ancient and filthy fad of mourning by throwing ashes on his corntassel hair. Fact is, the only real white showing was his scattered front teeth when he grinned, and that was all the day long, for he was a merry little mortal, so full o' laugh it bubbled from his pink mouth and shone from his blue eyes every time anybody noticed him, which was continuous, as the boys was crazy about what they called the camp mascot.

"Never mind how he looks," said Jim. "Dirt's wholesome."

"Not inside," objected Jud Riley. "Clean him up."

Jim did. You'd be surprised. When we come in to supper that child was transformed wonderful. His happy little face fairly shone; his yellow curls were made up stiff as pokers and looked 18-carat fine; his busy little hands were sweet as rose leaves, but the crowning glory of that clean-up was the clothes. Say, when we looked him over to save us we couldn't tell from his chin down whether he was coming forward or backing up. Fact! That kid was arrayed more wonderfully than Solomon or any other celebrated dresser. Jim, being driv to his wits' end, had washed out flour sacks and turned 'em into dresses. Had cut a place for the child's head to poke through, and holes in the corners for his arms, and then tied a string about his middle. Altogether it was a clever invention, only he hadn't faded out the advertising letters, and our little mascot was labeled front and back with the brand Minnesota Patent. Looked like a tiny sandwich man, but he was clean.

"Hello," howled Mike Kennedy, catching up the youngster and riding him astraddle his neck, "this here's Pat Sota! See here, boys. Got his name in print front and rear!"

In a minute every one of the boys in from work was calling the kid Pat Sota, and the name stuck. Even Dore Radford, who'd begun taking notice of the youngster, seemed satisfied.

"By Jocks, I believe Radford's getting fond of Pat!" Scot McRae remarked toward the week's end. We could all see that; and if he hadn't he'd have been inhuman, for Jim—being busy dishwashing after supper—made him hold the sleepy infant while he red up and set buckwheat batter. First night Radford flinched, but Pat held out his hands to be taken, and immediately cuddled down with his gold curls spread over Daddy Nine's coat, and his blue eyes looking up with the lids falling and falling like flowers closing at nighttime. After that Radford took him without being asked, and seemed glad of the job; but occasionally Pat stayed wide awake for a frolic and made things jingle. Saturday night was one of them. Long after he'd oughta been in his bed—made in a big drygoods box—he was all excited and cutting up, and finally was put to bed fretful, which was contrary to his nature. Just as the bunk-house snores were getting in a full chorus, with Bob White acting tenor and the two Flynns doing bass, Pat's screams brought us all upstanding.

"He's got cramps," announced Dick Pollock, who has a big family of small children and is posted.

"Give him a whisky sling," advised Jim Sprink, who's addicted to booze.

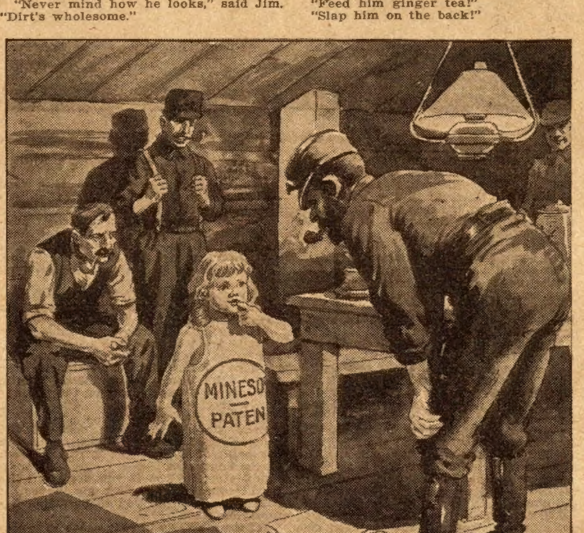
"Roll him over a barrel," prescribed Ed Gorman, who once served on the lakes and saw them revive a drowned man.

"Stand him on his head!"

"Give him a mustard bath!"

"Feed him ginger tea!"

"Slap him on the back!"



Looked like a tiny sandwich man

These were a few samples of the advice heard above Pat's vociferous yells, but Long Jim was thinking ideas of his own.

"See here," said he, "who give that child a pickle? Sounds to me like he'd had a pickle."

"I let him have just one," confessed Bud Newcomb.

"So did I," said Jack Roney.

"And I," says Mike Scanlon.

"I give him a little one," says Buck McGarry.

"Me, I didn't do anything so foolish as to feed him dill pickles," said Matt Flynn, "but he et my piece o' mince pie."

Before we'd reached the entire inventory of Pat's stomach contents, Jim was busy administering an emetic. And sure enough, soon's the youngster was relieved he shut up, but the cook broke loose and cursed us to a finish.

"After this," said he, when he'd exhausted his brimstone remarks—had sort of treated his mind to an immoral emetic—"you let me and Daddy Nine feed Pat according to the rules o' hygiene. Pickles! Mince pie! Suffering cats!"

While Jim harangued, Radford actually carried the child off with him to his bunk, and held him in his arms the rest of the night. We could hear Pat's sobs grow fainter and fainter, like wind in the treetops right after a storm, and then all was silence.

After that it got so that Pat was Dore Radford's shadow. He'd watch for his coming out of the small panes of the bunkhouse window, and shout with delight when he spied him. What the kid saw about that coffin-lid of a lumberjack beats me, but he certainly idolized his lottery Pa. And seeing this mutual attachment, the boys taught Pat, with his first acquirement of American language, to call his raffled parent Daddy Nine, and Radford made no objection. The man seemed to me like he was all numb inside, and nothing much disturbed him up or down. If it didn't sound foolish, I'd say he was like a husk covering a dead soul.

Pat learned more vocabulary than Dore Radford's nickname, and lots of it ain't fit to mention. I hadn't no idea the human young was so inclined to evil. Passed by all the mild ones, and tackled the worst swear words in camp, until Radford and Long Jim was shocked, and even the boys who were to blame raised objections.

"See here," protested Bill Gaskill, "you chaps has got to quit your blankety blank swearing. It's a golldarn, dash shame to set such a blankety blank example."

It was. Pat, with a thousand times the facility of a parrot, aped expressions suited to an imp, with the wide-eyed, angel innocence of a seraph. And busy! If his surplus energy had been focused on one spot, it would have turned the wheels of a locomotive. Here's an example:

"What in Tophet's the matter with this water?" demanded Si Dolan, violently spitting and staring hard at the drinking dipper. "Tastes like suds."

"Where's the soap?" grumbled Ed Holt, with his face and hands dripping wash water and feeling about on the bench. "Where's the soap?"

"Si's drinking it," explained John Gork. "Pat put it in the water pail."

"No he didn't," corrected Tom Taggart; "here it is in the toe of one of my other boots. That's why it wouldn't fit."

Frank Gordon took the water pail outdoors and emptied it.

"There ain't nothing in it," yells he, "but the comb and a hunk of chewing tobacco!"

Anyway, Pat was a civilizing element. Looked homelike to see him pottering about, and after a while he modified the camp language. Even the most profane among the boys let up on oaths, partly out of fear of Long Jim, who threatened to spoil the cooking if they didn't quit, and of Radford, who glared at them with eloquent meaning in his black eyes. By midwinter Pat and Daddy Nine were as good as a circus. Somehow that kid extracted sunshine from Dore's gloomy visage, and occasionally we caught him laughing out loud, with the youngster tumbling over him and butting with his yellow poll, and mumbling his face with sloppy kisses. By March no one took notice when Pat came rushing through the bunk-room calling "Daddy Nine" at the top of his singing voice, and not a man-jack laughed when Dore answered and met the little one halfway, to toss him on his shoulder for a ride.

That was the month one of them roving lumberjacks, that come and go like Northern lights and are about as unreliable, wandered into camp from a town across the Canadian border. He was the usual sort, good at the ax or saw, and he was intelligent, with the brilliant, black-eyed intelligence of a wild animal. An extra hand was not amiss, so Stiger hired him, and the fellow seemed civil enough and strictly minded his own business. That last is true as Gospel, though we didn't know it until the night Pat disappeared, which was too late.

"Where's Pat?" Long Jim yelled at us that next morning. He'd got up to start

(Continued on page seventeen.)

Her First and Last Word

Or, JANET'S CONSTANCY :=: By FLORRY J. BARRINGTON

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CHAPTER VII.

IN RESPONSE to an advertisement in the morning paper Janet presented herself at the office of the South American Mining Company. Though it was quite early three other applicants were waiting, and she thought her chance of securing the post was slight against such odds. It was too late to turn back, however, for an office boy was already ushering her to a seat.

"Mr. Cleaver will be here presently," the boy announced.

Janet stole an occasional glance at her competitors. The result was anything but reassuring. The first was a very attractive blonde, large and well dressed. She looked frivolous, but businesslike. Talking in subdued tones to the blonde was another girl, the counterpart of the other; only instead of fair hair and complexion, her raven hair, jet black eyes, and deep red cheeks made a wonderful contrast to her friend.

The third was a woman of uncertain age, medium sized, and tailor-made. Her face was gray and thin as a hatchet, her nose and chin almost meeting. There was competence stamped on every lineament. Her features were so sharp and hard you shuddered to think how thoroughly she would accomplish any undertaking. Janet shrank farther back in the chair, as she caught her beady eyes fixed on her in disapproval. She fancied the little woman was a more dangerous rival than either of the handsome girls.

While Janet was trying not to look uncomfortable under the penetrating stare, the door opened and a tall man, whose face seemed to be all eyes, entered. He threw a glance at the waiting quartet, as as office boy took his hat and coat. He disappeared in an inner office, and she could tell from his energetic walk, the way he pulled out his desk chair and threw open the desk, that he was a man of quick action.

She was sure of it later when the two girls came out of his office after a five minutes' interview. The little tailor-made woman was retained a few minutes longer, but she came out in a marvelously short time. Then Janet was ushered in.

Arthur Cleaver was sitting on the edge of his chair. He eyed the girl from head to toe; then his figure relaxed and he leaned back in his chair, while Janet told of her experience and capabilities. He listened patiently, knowing from the moment he saw her that he would engage her. He explained her work as assistant secretary. As he expected to be away a great deal, many little extra duties would fall to her. He explained that his employer was peculiar in some ways, inasmuch as he never dictated letters, merely telling what he wanted written. The secretary had to put it into words.

Janet assured him of her ability to do this. Then, at his request, she wrote her name and address on a card he handed to her, and sat with downcast eyes waiting to be dismissed. She felt him start, and looked up quickly. His eyes were riveted on the bit of pasteboard, and his hands clutched the arms of his desk chair. Just then the door opened and a tall, broad-shouldered man, smiling a good morning, passed through to a private office. Janet thought he was the handsomest man she had ever seen, and for some unexplained reason she found herself trembling violently.

In an instant Cleaver regained his composure, and excusing himself, followed his employer and closed the door between. Janet sat bewildered, a nameless something that was not fear possessed her. There was a delicious mystery in the air. She felt as one feels while watching a magician. A shiver runs up your spine, but you know that in a moment you will be laughing at what, after all, is no mystery.

Cleaver soon returned and motioned her to follow him. A moment later she stood in the presence of her employer. Barney's look was devouring, and Janet dropped her eyes. He drew his hands across his eyes and turned to the window, unable to control his emotions. Then he turned swiftly to the girl.

"What's the name of your guardian?" he asked, excitedly.

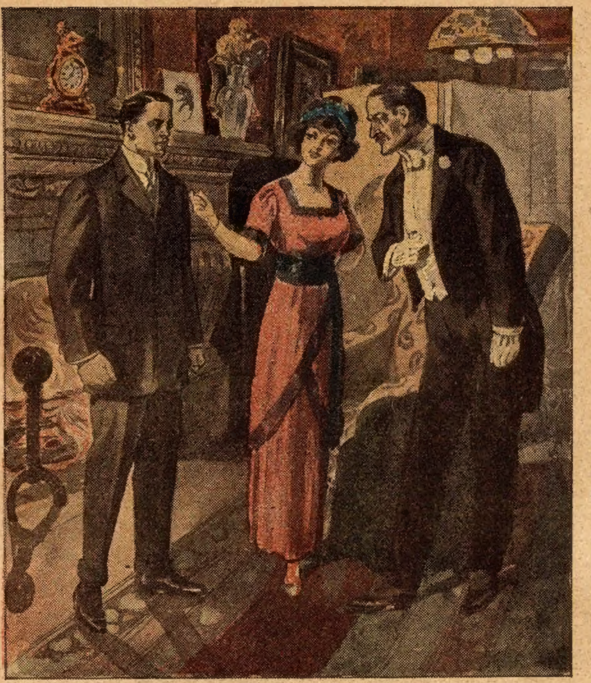
Wondering how he knew she had guardians instead of parents, she replied, "Richard Devonshire."

Barney needed all his self-restraint for his next questions.

"Where are your parents?" he said.

"They are dead," she answered gravely.

Barney almost choked on the next question. "How long have they been dead?"



"My old friend, James Devonshire."

Janet had decided that Dick's discovery wouldn't make any difference to her future life, and to avoid lengthy explanations she answered her new employer according to the way she had been accustomed to think.

"My mother died when I was six months old, and my father a few months later," she faltered.

"Did any one see your father after he was dead?" stammered Barney.

"No," she replied. "But my guardian always told me he must be dead, or he would have claimed me."

"Suppose," he said, in low tones, "that your father isn't dead?"

Absolutely believing that her father had deserted her, she answered firmly: "It would make no difference."

Barney's voice sank almost to a whisper. Still Janet never suspected to whom she was speaking.

"You mean he's dead to you?"

Janet nodded her fair little head decidedly, and answered, "Yes."

The millionaire's hand rested heavily on the table, and Janet looked from the secretary to her new employer, wondering why they prolonged this personal inquiry. Barney saw the movement and looked imploringly at Cleaver.

"Assuming," remarked the secretary, "that your father could prove that he hadn't deserted you, but on the contrary, had left no stone unturned to find you, couldn't you find it in your heart—which I'm sure is a tender one—to forgive him?"

Something in the young man's words, in the pleading tones, startled Janet. She looked quickly from one to the other; a nameless thrill passed through her. She folded her hands rapturously.

"Perhaps you know my father," she murmured softly. "If you do, tell him from me that is he didn't desert me, I could love him very much indeed."

One stride brought Barney to her side.

"Janet, my baby," he cried. With a convulsive sigh he folded the frightened girl in his arms. When they looked around a moment later Cleaver had withdrawn.

Barney was beside himself with joy. He fondled and stroked Janet extravagantly. The poor child was quite confused. She looked shyly at the big, handsome man.

"I must go now," she reminded him. "I promised mummy and daddy I'd be gone only a short time."

"Daddy? Ain't I your daddy?" he begged with half-serious, half-comic expression.

Janet patted his hand timidly. "I've one daddy and one father," she said, smiling through the tears that lay on her eyelashes like pearls.

Barney kissed and admired her all over again.

"I mustn't expect too much at first," he explained; "but I'll try not to be jealous, if you'll promise to love me as much as you can."

Janet had never looked so lovely as when she looked into her father's eyes and promised to love him.

"You are just like your dear mother, sweetheart, only more beautiful," he said, tenderly. "But come, we'll go and see my old friend Dick and his wife. Do you think they will believe me?"

"They've always believed in you," she declared. And in an undertone, "I'm the only one who doubted you."

Barney smiled happily. "But that's all over now, and we are going to be very happy. You shall go home with me and be my little housekeeper, and make all the changes to suit yourself. We'll take the Devonshires along; the house is big enough for all."

As they passed through Cleaver's office Barney grasped his secretary's hand and cordially thanked the young man for his part in finding Janet. Cleaver modestly refused to accept credit, declaring that it was a coincidence. But Barney wouldn't listen, and always from that day considered Cleaver as the means of restoring his daughter.

The secretary's heart had gone out to the lovely childish face. When Janet put out her hand and thanked him prettily his heart gave several extra throbs to the minute. As he was leaving the office, Barney, his finger on his lips, whispered something in Cleaver's ear, to which the secretary replied.

"There'll be no big headlines. This is one of the stories in high life that won't get into print."

CHAPTER VIII.

The late afternoon was fading into a smoky grayness dotted by disks of early gaslight. In Janet McLane's reception-room it was almost dark. A fire of gas-logs burned upon the low hearth; the warm air was laden with the scent of roses. It was a beautiful room with lofty ceilings and daintily painted panels. The rose-colored draperies were soft and rich, and curtains of rare lace shaded the long windows that looked out upon the park. The Oriental rugs had a predominant tint of old rose, and the carved cupids, supporting curious cabinets of ebony and mother-of-pearl, groaned beneath the weight of priceless treasures concealed within.

Janet sat in a low chair beside the hearth and gazed through the windows at the dull gray sky. She wore a gown of soft cream-colored fabric, which trailed about her small, lithe form, accentuating its height and grace. Her beautiful fair hair, lying in natural waves upon her smooth brow, was parted and gathered in a cluster of knots and puffs upon the back of her head.

Presently the door opened and a footman appeared, ushering in a visitor. Janet turned her head and peered into the half-light. Then she bent forward, and in a startled tone cried sharply:

"Who is it? Speak."

"Have I frightened you?" a masculine voice asked, just as the footman announced his name.

The servant turned on the lights and withdrew. Janet stood with outstretched arms.

"Yes," she answered, and there was a tremor very like a sob in her voice. "I've waited for you so long and you didn't come. Are you a ghost or are you real?"

James Devonshire took the little trembling hands, and while doing so gazed into the speaking blue eyes and at the quivering lips.

"Why did you think I might be a ghost? Indeed, I'm very substantial," he said, slowly.

"Oh, because I've seen your face and heard your voice so many times lately. But I always awaken to find it was only a dream," Janet responded. "I thought you had forgotten me. Wasn't it unkind to stay away so long?"

James released her hands and looked away.

"It was because I can't forget that I stayed away," he said. "I didn't come because I hoped you would forget. I hear about you, and they tell me you are happy and adored by all. I knew from the first it would be so. I wanted to see a precious stone in a new setting."

From the lovely pink blush which had overspread Janet's face on recognizing James her complexion was now a deadly white. She sank down upon a luxurious couch and rested her head on the silken pillows. In the lifelessness of her pose she looked like a beautiful corpse. One pretty dimpled hand hung over the edge of the sofa, the other supported her head, and with half-closed eyes she regarded the man who for years she had looked upon as a part of her existence—who had come to her now out of the past. All at once she made an abrupt movement as though dismissing something disagreeable. Then she smiled.

"You look quite settled and grown up, James, and you're not any happier or more contented than I am. What's the use of making believe? We have learned lots lately. One thing is that we can't have everything we want, but know how to pretend we have. And how do you like my new home?"

"James' eyes wandered over the lovely room and then back to the gas-log. He couldn't trust himself to look at her or to ask what this child of the multimillionaire wanted and couldn't have.

"Your surroundings are beautiful and are a perfect setting for your loveliness," he returned. "I've often tried to conjure up a picture of your life here. But I can only see you as you used to be in our cozy little apartment at home. I awaken from my dream to see mother and father looking at your little stool in the corner."

Janet's breath caught, but she pressed her hand to her side and smiled.

"I would rather be remembered that way than any other. Tell me what you all do of an evening now."

This time James looked at her and saw something he had not thought of before. The beautiful artless girl was gone. This woman was artless, too, and beautiful beyond expression, but she was of the world.

"It's soon told," he said. "When we get tired of talking about you, then we read about you in the newspapers."

"And your other reading?" asked Janet.

"Oh, I haven't been able to get my mind on it lately," he replied.

"And your aspirations?"

James smiled cynically. "I've left my aspirations like my youth—and other trivialities—behind me," he answered carelessly. "But tell me about yourself and what you've been doing. Of course, you like it, and it must be satisfying."

"Money has brought me many pleasures and pretty things. It has broadened by life and opened the doors of society, which received me for what I am worth in hard cash," she returned, with a dim smile. "But I suppose I like it on the whole. Every one is so good to me."

"And your father."

For a moment her face brightened, and she was the light-hearted Janet of his recollections.

"He's just like a boy at a circus. He goes everywhere and sees everything. Sometimes Mrs. Underwood allows him to take a holiday, and then he goes off for a day's fishing. He never catches anything but rheumatism, which he is ashamed to complain of. Unlike you, he is not anxious to leave youth behind, but gets all the pleasure he can out of his wealth."

"And his only ambition is to enjoy himself, I take it," said James.

"And to make every one around him happy," Janet added, softly. "But I fancy if there was no little me, father's mines and millions would have little attraction for him. Until he found me he said that he always felt like an impostor spending money that didn't belong to him."

How bitterly the poverty-proud James regretted that the millionaire had found his daughter only he knew. One little year, and he would have been able to marry her, and if her father had found her afterward, very well, no one could have accused him of fortune-hunting. Today he felt able to make a home for her far better than his father had ever been able to make for his mother, but he could never offer it to the heiress of Barnard McLane, multimillionaire.

Janet watched the perturbed face for several moments; then she sighed.

"I never realized before how helpless one can be with vast sums of money at one's command," she said at last. "But, James, I've found out that the best won't ask for assistance, and the rest can't be driven away. I never knew before how insincere the world is."

"Don't try to regenerate the world, Janet. It can't be done, even with immeasurable bullion," James answered. "Borrow a leaf from your father's book. Make every one you have dealings with happy and content. That's as much as the wealthiest can hope to do."

There was a voice at the door. A servant was bringing in tea. Janet frowned. Close on his heels was a visitor who did not want to be announced, so sure was he of his welcome. A man of imposing appearance approached Janet with outstretched hand.

"My dear Janet," he murmured.

A flush of annoyance passed over her face. At the same instant the newcomer saw the dim outline of James in the shadow of the gas-log.

"Ah, Cleaver," he said, "I didn't see you at first."

"It's not Mr. Cleaver," Janet said. "I'd like to introduce my old friend James Devonshire, Mr. Brownlow."

Brownlow withdrew his hand and bowed distantly. James recognized his old enemy, the dark-eyed man of his dreams, and flushed under the deliberate snub. Janet hid her distress behind the tea things. But when she smilingly handed James a cup of tea a moment later, Brownlow felt more worried than he had been at any time since Janet's appearance in her father's home. He was woefully disappointed when Barney told him of the finding of his daughter. He was too tactful, however, to show it, and apparently entered heartily into all his partner's extravagant schemes for amusing his daughter.

Unlike Barney, Brownlow was ambitious. He wanted power. Money was nothing to him unless it brought potency. Though there was very little difference in their ages, for some unaccountable reason, Brownlow had always indulged in beautiful visions of himself as an influential light, enjoying their united fortunes long after Barney had passed away. He had even selected the woman who was to share the honors with him, a woman of fortune, family, and influence.

He had not considered it necessary to tell the fortunate lady the good luck in store for her, which was a happy chance. If his dreams were to be realized, he would have to forego the felicity of marrying a woman of his choice and marry Janet.

So far, his progress with the lovely heiress to the most vain could not be considered successful. He found consolation in the fact that though Janet had hosts of admirers she was charming to all, but encouraged none. Supposing that he had no rival, Brownlow was content to wait. But here was the first discord to disturb the rhythm of his courtship, and it jarred his vanity.

He sipped his tea and chatted easily with his hostess, ignoring James, except at such times when Janet made the mode of slight impossible. The girl skilfully brought the conversation around to motor-boats, knowing that Brownlow was an enthusiast and James understood the subject thoroughly.

She paid the penalty a moment later, when Brownlow extracted a promise from her to share his motor craft to see the power-boat association's races on the Hudson River two weeks later. But she was more than rewarded when James announced that he was to operate in the first race the boat of his employer, Mr. Gramatan.

Brownlow looked nettled. He had a boat entered for the first race and his man had not the grim steadfastness of this young Apollo. He felt that he had met a rival in James, both in regard to the race and the lady of his ambition.

A few moments later, James, in saying good-by to Janet, bowed low over the pretty hand extended. In raising his head their eyes met. Then he turned to Brownlow, and with the air of a man who holds the whip hand, bowed carelessly and stalked out of the room.

CHAPTER IX.

That last look between the lovers had not been lost on Brownlow. He saw the situation in a glance. They were sweethearts. The young man was poverty-proud, the girl too modest to tell him she could afford to marry a poor man. But her eyes said, "I'm waiting." Brownlow resolved to secure the girl at once. What if she loved the boy, and the boy loved her. He never allowed such trifles as hearts to interfere with his plans. Besides, wasn't he denying himself the felicity of marrying the woman of his choice for this chit of a girl—lovely to be sure, but only a plaything compared to the stately woman of his choice?

"Janet," he said, approaching the girl and speaking as tenderly as his anxiety would permit, "I've your father's consent, and wish to ask you to be my wife."

Janet turned startled eyes on her middle-aged wooer.

"My father's consent," she faltered; "but not his wishes—don't say his wishes."

Brownlow flushed painfully, but he concealed his annoyance. "Why, Janet, darling," he whispered, "aren't you willing to accept the first and only love of a true heart?"

Janet put out her hands. "Oh, stop, please stop?" she implored in distressed tones.

"I'll never stop until you tell me that you will try to love me as I love you, and promise to be my wife," he said, sharply.

"Oh, I can't, indeed, I can't!" she protested. "Please don't mention it to me again."

Brownlow was furious, but he managed to preserve an outward calm. How presumptuous of this girl, heiress though she was, to refuse him! The beautiful woman of his choice had never acted this way. Brownlow forgot that he had never proposed to the beautiful woman of his choice to give her an occasion for such acting.

"But, sweetheart," he said, gently, "I love you so much, and there's no one that your father would as willingly give you to as to me. Come, dear," putting out his hands to embrace her.

With a faint cry she dodged the outstretched arms. "Please go away, Mr. Brownlow," she said, with trembling dignity. "Unless my father commands me to, I'll never marry you."

Brownlow was so stunned at the girl's manner that he obeyed her. "My fate is in your hands," he said, humbly. "If you change your mind, send for me and I'll come on the wings of love. Good-by." Under his breath he muttered: "Little plebeian! She's in love with that guttersnipe of a Devonshire."

He strode from the house with the pomp of a prelate, muttering: "I'll raise her to my level, or commit her to the depths from which she can never rise."

Just what his level was no one knew, Brownlow, least of all. So far, he was unable to tell who his parents were. Even his nationality was obscure; but it pleased him to think that he was a descendant of the elect.

Left alone, Janet drew from her bosom a miniature and gazed fondly at the frank blue eyes looking out at her. "Yes," she sighed, "he has changed. He is older and more thoughtful. Yes, and careworn." She kissed the little cold, lifeless picture, and returned it to its hiding-place. Then the fair head fell into the soft cushions on the sofa. "Oh, my love, my love!" she sobbed.

Meanwhile James walked moodily home over the same route which Dick had taken on the night, over a year before, when he had recognized Barney. This return of Barney's had shattered an ideal and broken a heart. Before then James had looked upon Janet as something to be desired, something to win, but not unattainable, if honesty of purpose could win. But now she stood aloof upon a summit which he could never hope to reach, and at which his pride forbade him to aim, even with the assistance which she and her father were only to glad to give. The separation had been dreadful. Even now he shivered at the thought of it.

Janet loved him devotedly and could not see why they need part, and when James was firm, she refused to go with her father and clung to him. When Barney finally led her way, she turned to James with a look in her eyes which would pursue him to his dying day.

"As you wish, I'll never disturb you again. I thought money might bring happiness, but you and I must spend our lives in misery because of your pride. Well, forget Janet if you can."

Alice and Dick were distressed beyond measure at the turn affairs had taken. Barney, with the most delicate magnanimity offered to advance the young man in his business, but James stoutly refused. At first the generous father insisted that Alice was the proper chaperone for Janet, and begged them all to move over to his house. But Alice wisely refused, pointing out that she was more ignorant of society ways than Janet herself.

"It would be a case of the blind leading the blind," she told him.

Though Barney and the simple couple would have done anything to keep their young people in touch all the time, Dick and Alice saw that the two families could have very few interests in common. They refused to accept any favors from the millionaire in case it should appear as a reimbursement for their care for Janet. At last Barney became impatient of such obstinate pride in old friends. A coolness sprang up, and the families seldom met. But Barney and his wealth and all it could bring her failed to take the place of James, and Janet was slowly and surely breaking her heart for her old friend and playmate.

CHAPTER X.

A week after James' visit to the Fifth avenue mansion Janet called at her father's office. As she entered the outer room every eye was glued to the dainty figure. She gave a sweeping smile that embraced the whole office. Then she opened the door to the inner sanctum.

Arthur Cleaver was at his desk sitting on the edge of his chair in his usual alert manner. He was in earnest conversation with a small tailor-made woman with a hatchet-face, who was feeding hungrily on his words, as though each one was a priceless gem. They looked up simultaneously at their visitor, and both started visibly.

"I hope I didn't frighten you," Janet said sweetly, offering a hand to each of her father's confidential secretaries.

The little woman's face was several degrees grimmer than when Janet had first seen it, but she answered readily:

"No, Miss McLane, you didn't frighten us. But we were speaking about you. You know what is said, 'Speak of angels and they appear.' We wondered how you had made such a quick descent from Heaven."

Janet laughed. "What! In this day of flying machines?" she cried. "But tell me," addressing herself to Cleaver, "why were you looking so grave if you were speaking of angels?"

Cleaver had regained his composure. "I know of no graver subject," he said, half seriously, half laughingly. "If it's the right kind of an angel."

"That's a clever way of getting out of telling me," she pouted. "I'm going to see father."

As the girl disappeared in her father's office Cleaver sighed. "Poor little thing!" he said sorrowfully. "What a pity we disturbed her. Just tore her away from the people she loved and a life of calm contentment—for what? To give her a taste of wealth and luxury, only to snatch it back and consign her to the old life. But the question in my mind, Miss Watts, is this: Will she be able to pick up the threads where she dropped them over a year ago. Will the old life content her?"

He paused for breath, and the little woman's jaws snapped and the beady eyes flashed darkly. "I haven't given up hope of finding the rascally embezzler who is getting away with Mr. McLane's money." She was just bristling with action.

"Oh, I haven't relinquished the search," declared the secretary, setting his teeth. "If I can lay my hands on the man at the back of that last investment, I shall have not only a villain but a personal enemy of Mr. McLane. There are men in the outer office who could help me out, but I'm handicapped because I have the ear of the boss. I must hunt up all my information from the outside."

"Which will be the only way of getting it at all," Miss Watts observed, sententiously. "And do all your work as secretly as possible."

"I wish my hands were on him now," he said, grimly.

"I wish they were, and they will be before long," she declared, positively.

Janet stole into her father's room, intending to creep up behind him, put her hands over his eyes, and make him guess who it was. Barney was sitting with his back to the door, a cigar which he had allowed to go out in his hand.

Something in the dejected attitude arrested Janet. Instead of carrying out her little joke, she walked over to him, put her arms tenderly around his neck, and kissed him. Barney drew her on his knee and proceeded to find out the object of her visit.

"If it's money, sweetheart," he said, "all right; you may have as much as you want. But if it's shopping," he threw up his hands, "I beg you will ask Mrs. Underwood."

Janet shook her head. Her father's face looked so gray and anxious she was glad of the errand she was on.

"A bad guess," she answered. "Mrs. Underwood sent me to say you may have a day off and join us on her drag to Tuxedo. She will drive herself, and you will have a delightful, lazy time."

Barney flushed with pride. "It's very kind of Mrs. Underwood to take such interest in you, dear."

"In us, father," Janet corrected, roguishly.

"To be sure," assented Barney, getting redder every minute. "You like Mrs. Underwood, Janet?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"I love her," declared Janet, enthusiastically. "Next to mummy she's the sweetest woman I've ever seen. But come along, father, or she won't be saying such nice things about us."

Janet had helped her father to entertain with wonderful success for so young a hostess. But they were deeply indebted to the beautiful widow for clearing the rough passages to the inner shrine of the best society. Barney felt very grateful to Mrs. Underwood, and as gratitude is akin to something deeper, Barney had felt something deeper coming on for a long time, to the infinite delight of Janet. If a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, it also makes us wonderfully keen, and Janet could have given her father some pleasing information as to the state of Mrs. Underwood's heart.

Barney lingered around his desk for several minutes as though he thought staying around would ward off something he was afraid to give a name. Finally Janet bustled him out of the office and downstairs to a waiting limousine.

"I'm glad he's gone," Miss Watts remarked. "He could do no good sitting around here staring into vacancy."

Cleaver nodded, then he jumped up from his desk. "I'm off, Miss Watts," he announced. "Wish me luck. I have the scent of a bloodhound and the shamelessness of a sleuth this morning, and the Lord help the man I'm after!"

Five minutes later, Brownlow, whose private office was on the other side of the main floor, went out. Miss Watts closed her desk and went over to call on his stenographer, who was an old friend. The man was not at his desk and the office was deserted. Ten minutes later Miss Watts returned to her desk, a vindictive gleam in her black eyes.

This extremely interesting story will be concluded in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once.

* * *

Taken at Her Word.

The last time that President Taft visited Brooklyn he was the guest of a club dinner. Just as he entered the hall he found Job Hedges in the very act of delivering himself of a speech. Mr. Hedges declined to stop when the President entered. As he explained to the audience, he had just come to the peroration of his address; and the peroration was the only thing in the whole speech that was worth shucks, and he didn't propose to have his play concluded just as the curtain had gone up on the second act.

President Taft laughed and acquiesced; for he and Hedges are old friends. "It makes me think of a yarn I once heard Hedges tell," said a friend of the latter. "The suffragette organization here needed a lawyer. It needed a good one, and one who was willing to be good-natured about his fee. Some one proposed Job Hedges for that job—some one, perhaps, who didn't like Hedges very well. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, one of the most strenuous leaders of the suffragettes, was named as ambassador. She called on Hedges in his office. He sprang up as she entered.

"'Why, Mrs. Catt,' said he. 'This is a real pleasure. Take this seat. Let me pull the window shade down a little. I fear this brilliant sunlight will hurt your eyes. Let me get you a footstool. Do you feel a draft? Are you warm enough?'

"Mrs. Catt became restive under Hedges' abundant courtesy. Now, Mr. Hedges,' said she, 'I came here to talk business with you, just as if I were a man. I want you to treat me as though I were a man.'

"'All right, Cattie,' said Hedges, calmly. 'Have a cigar?'"

* * *

An Eye Opener.

An English clergyman, visiting this country, tells of a bishop in England who, when a new church in his diocese was to be consecrated, received many letters complaining that the architect had disfigured the interior with useless decoration.

The bishop decided to make an inspection of the new building, and, accordingly, summoned the architect to meet him there.

The bishop could find nothing wrong until, just as he reached the chancel, he chanced to catch sight of four wooden images apparently guarding the pulpit.

"What do those figures represent?" he asked.

"The four evangelists."

"They appear to be asleep."

"Do you think so?"

"I certainly do."

Whereupon the architect called out to a man who was at work on one of the pews:

"Henry, bring your chisel and open the eyes of the evangelists."

* * *

Clever Willie.

A rough-looking man entered the home of a gentleman in a Western city, and, seeing no one around but a small boy named Willie, said to him, "If you don't tell me where you father keeps his money I'll knock your topknot off an' afterward eat yer."

"Please don't," said Willie. "You'll find all the money we've got in an old coat in the kitchen."

Two minutes later a bruised and battered wreck was pitched through the front door of Willie's home and sat in the gutter and blinked.

"That kid's too smart," said the man. "Never said a word about the ol' man bein' inside the coat."

* * *

Not Contagious.

Nearly all the children in the neighborhood had been ill with chickenpox and one morning, when they were able to play about again, Julia, aged 4, came running in to her mother and burst out excitedly: "Oh, mother, the Smith children have got something else, but we can't catch it."

"Well, what is it they have?" the mother asked.

"It's pigeon toes," she replied.

WHO WAS THE TRAITOR

A STORY OF FORT DESPAIR :=: By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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CHAPTER XIX.

FRESH MYSTERY.

SAYWOOD felt he was needed in the Commandant's house, and he hastened down the stairs. By the time he reached their foot he had a new comprehension. Bad as matters might be with the Relford's it was no affair of his. The Captain was a kind and merciful man, and his domestic concerns were surely his own. It would be folly of several different kinds, including that of infringing upon military discipline, for the Lieutenant to interfere. He stopped short and stood in painful inactivity.

Presently steps sounded on the piazza and the door was pushed open. Relford was there. He was pale and rather haggard, but his manner was outwardly composed. If he had sorrow, the iron in his nature was not deserting him then. He greeted Saywood with a courteous gesture, and quietly said:

"Your parlor, if you please. I have something to say to you."

They went, and Saywood placed a chair for his caller. The fine old face before him appealed to his pity, and he wanted to take the Commandant's hand and assure him of his sympathy. He briefly forgot this feeling, as the Captain steadily began.

"Lieutenant, you are about to be left in temporary command of this post. Inside of half an hour I shall order a detail of troopers and start East. I have business there."

"Start East—along the long, wild trail—at night?" gasped Saywood.

"Exactly!" replied the Commandant, composedly. "I have business with the Department General. After it is done, this garrison will have a new head. I am about to hand in my resignation, to sever my connection with the army."

"To resign?"

"I think my words were plain."

"But I have never suspected you had any such intention——"

"I rarely herald my intentions by shouting them from the house tops. I am no longer young. In less than a year I shall have reached my sixty-fifth year, and I want rest. More, I want to be free from the solitude of this post. A murrain upon the post!" and here his utterance became vehement. "Am I to live and die here, with nothing to look at but the desert to the south and the bleak hills to the north? Am I to broil under this tropical sun when my blood is Northern blood? Am I to endure what is here—what has been here——"

The firm voice shook and the steady gaze wavered. The old warrior was on the point of a total breakdown. Pity swept over Saywood in a wave that was painful. He could not abide looking at that aged face in its present guise. It was too much like sacrilege. His eyes wandered, and—he saw Zyra Cheswick at the door. She was poised lightly, but she, too, was agitated. Discovering that she had Saywood's attention she held up a hand and made various motions, but he could not read their meaning.

"I am going!" repeated Relford, becoming stubbornly firm. "That is all I need to say." He rose and began to turn away.

"But, sir!" cried the Lieutenant, "surely not tonight! Not in the dark, not along the pathless way to the nearest town. I must have misunderstood you——"

"You did not misunderstand. I go at once. Within the present five minutes I shall order my escort, and leave within the half-hour."

He turned fully and saw Zyra at the door. He frowned, though not unkindly, and she ran forward.

"Oh! sir!" she cried, "it cannot be so. Estelle has fainted! She is ill, terribly upset. This will kill her!"

The Commandant seemed almost to stagger, and he raised a hand and pressed his graying face heavily.

"She has fainted before," he said, dully. "She will again recover. The post surgeon is skilful. She will be better, far better, for my going. Life will be renewed within her—life, honor, hope, peace. It is better so, better so!"

He was moving again, but Zyra cried out to Saywood: "Oh! do not let him go! Mr. Saywood, use your influence, your strength. He must not go."

The Lieutenant stood irresolute. He felt himself as much bewildered as he was helpless. He could not lay a restraining hand upon his superior officer, and he saw no other method of preventing Relford from carrying out his intention.

Having in mind the purpose of making an earnest plea to second Zyra's plan he advanced, and, before he was seen, laid a hand impulsively upon that of his commander. It was like a spark laid to tinder. Relford wheeled, and his eyes blazed with anger.

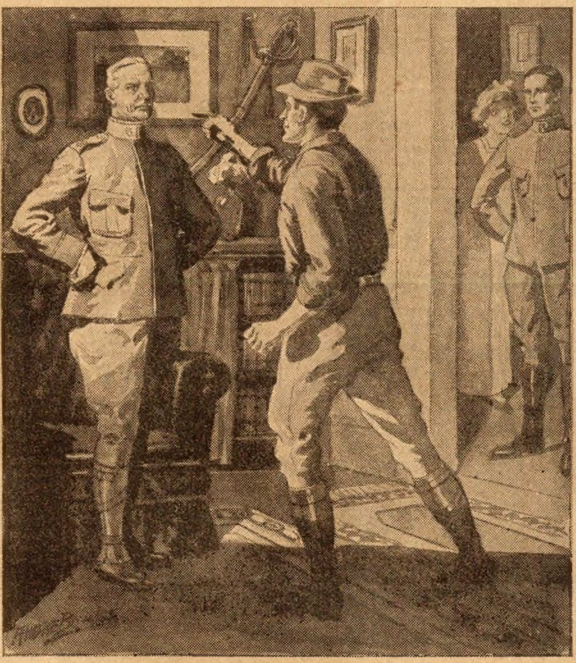
"So!" he grated, "you would do that? You would obey a woman? You would compel—yes, compel your superior officer to do as you wish? You would try force, would you? By heavens, sir, have a care that, instead of leaving you in command here, I do not place you under arrest with orders for your trial by court-martial!"

Saywood was silenced, but Zyra had no military allegiance to bind her or daunt her. She had tried persuasion in vain, chiefly before they entered Saywood's house. Now she seized the Captain's arm, and she was a woman of fire for the moment.

"Listen to me!" she cried, passionately. "Estelle lies stricken in her room. Who knows whether she will recover from this shock? Is it only a swoon, or something worse? Will you—sir, will you leave your daughter unconscious, ill? Your daughter, sir! Why, it would be barbarous!"

The tense muscles of the soldier relaxed. His hands fell, his head bowed, his face moved alomst convulsively. A moment, while the great hands closed and unclosed as if they were the court of final decision, and he breathed a deep sigh.

"I will wait until morning," he said feebly. "Until morning. Perhaps she will then be well enough to go with me. Until morning. And," suddenly wheeling upon the Lieutenant, "until then, Saywood, I am still commander here!"



"Because you dare not!"

Yes, sir," agreed Saywood, promptly, and wisely added nothing.

"Estelle may need me," continued her father. "I will go to her. Zyra, bear me company. The servants are not skilful enough to care for the child in her affliction. We must personally labor over our dear one in her affliction. Come!"

He started. Zyra flashed a look at Saywood. He felt that she intensely longed to speak with him, but it was impossible. Relford's anger would rise at such a step, and it must not be. Her expression spoke volumes, but wholly in a language he could not read. Her hands, too, moved freely in secret gestures, but again—he could not read.

She turned and would have assisted the Captain, but he gently cast off her hold and offered his arm in the old, courtly way. And thus they went out, crossed to Relford's own house and entered. The door closed, and Saywood lost sight of them.

He slowly lifted his hands and pressed his head. Poor head! A great hubbub was there, a riotous confusion; but not one clear idea. He had seen and heard, but understood nothing.

Why had Relford desired to leave the post, to travel the pathless, uncertain way to the next town at night? Why such a precipitious departure when he had given no intimation that he had anything urgent or important to do except to resign his commission? Certain old words suddenly hummed through Saywood's mind: "Like a thief in the night!"

He raised his head angrily. So strong was his sympathy for the family, and his admiration for the Commandant, that he deeply resented even his own thoughts. But—but—and then he drifted out upon a sea of fruitless speculation. The lawless events about Fort Despair, Estelle's story, the Captain's latest purpose. These three things burned in his thoughts. They were as absorbing as they were mysterious. What was the evil power that ruled at the garrison?

An idea flashed upon him, sharply, staggeringly, and he started up. As he did so a paper detached itself from his pocket and fluttered to the floor. He picked it up. It was Nat Brief's list of suspected persons.

"Rubbish!" Saywood exclaimed.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TRAITOR.

The Lieutenant spent the next half-hour with a theory. It seemed impossible, and certain things contradicted it strongly, but it would not down. To believe was to also believe what he was most unwilling to accept, but there must be some explanation of the mystery of the post. Before then the possible had masqueraded as the impossible.

After a long while devoted to thought he rose and went to the window. Relford's house was before him. Lights were burning on both lower floors, and especially he noted that in Estelle's room. He longed to ask if he could be of service, but the situation was so unusual that he was not certain he would do wisely to go. Domestic afflictions do not always call for outside help.

While he was hesitating his attention was suddenly diverted. A dark shadow moved near the corner of Relford's house. It slowly resolved itself into the shape of a man. It left the protecting corner and skulked forward to the piazza. It paused again, now close to the closed door. It bent an ear as if listening. Then it turned the knob and entered. Entering, it was brought into the faint glow of the light there, and Saywood recognized the skulker. It was Wesley.

The Lieutenant started. The orderly was discredited, stripped of his former position, and revealed as a foe of the family. Having entered furtively, he could not be regarded as anything but a dangerous man. He must be checked.

Saywood sprang from the window, leaped the fence, and hurried to Rel-

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ford's door. He opened it and entered. Below, all was quiet and apparently deserted, but he heard excited voices above and did not hesitate. Lightly he ran up the stairs.

Reaching the floor above he stopped abruptly. In a room next to Estelle's there was confusion, and he had clear view through the open door. He saw Zyra and Captain Relford, and facing the Commandant was the intruder, Wesley.

It was no peace gathering. Officer and servant confronted each other angrily, and there was peril in Wesley's whole manner. He was like one ready for any desperate act. His words came harshly to the Lieutenant's ears.

"That's what I said. I want a thousand dollars, and I want it now. Give it to me, and I'll skip this garrison right now and forever. Yes, a thousand dollars."

"I have not so much money at this post," remonstrated Relford.

"Gammon! I know better. You've drawed a princely salary, and then there has been the other income. Hey, Captain, old chap? The other income! Things have busted here, and I'm ready to go. Give me a thousand dollars!"

"I have told you," persisted the Commandant, "that I have not got it."

"And I've told you that I know you lie!" Wesley brutally retorted.

Relford's face had been very white, but now it flushed a deep red. His eyes flashed and he raised his form to its full height. Whatever trouble was pressing upon him he was not yet so depressed as to endure such words meekly. He stretched out an arm that had transiently grown firm.

"You brute!" he exclaimed, "get out of here or I'll flog you!"

"No, you won't!" cried the orderly, with airy insolence. "You won't even try it. Why won't you? Because you dare not! Lay a hand on me—yes, or even refuse me that thousand—and I'll tell what I know. I'll make the mystery of Fort Despair so plain that the blind can see. I'll make the deaf hear. See?"

"You will not——"

"I'll tell the whole world that you—you are Claggitt! I'll tell that you have been a robber of the Government. That all the things stolen were taken at your orders, and that Sinnott, Kesley, and I with a few others, did your dirty work. A pretty tale to go forth to the public. Eh?"

Saywood grasped at the post of the stairs, dumfounded at the audacity of the charge, the foulness of the lie. So he mentally termed affairs. He only awaited the Commandant's scornful denial before moving forward to fling Wesley out, like the carrion he was. He waited eagerly for the denial, and the answer came.

"You dare not tell," said Relford, stoutly. "Are you not as guilty as anybody else?"

"I helped do the work, yes. But who was the leader in the game?"

"Again, who would believe you? You, a discharged employe?"

"Old man," sneered Wesley, "don't you think I am so crippled for resources as all that. I have no reputation and no daughter. In that room beyond is Miss Relford, a decent girl, I admit. Why is she pale, thin of flesh, and nervous? Because her father is a thief, and she has known it for years. That's what has made her as she is. Captain, if your rascality is exposed to the world, it will kill her!"

A stir turned Saywood's fascinated gaze to another point. He saw Zyra looking at him fixedly. She moved a hand, motioning him back. Then, with his attention thus diverted, he became awar of heavy breathing at his shoulder. He turned and saw Griffen. Anger assailed the Lieutenant.

"Get away from here!" he whispered fiercely. "You are not wanted——"

"I reckon I am wanted!" answered Griffen, in sturdy defiance. "That blamed Wesley has stolen my money, and now I'll beat him out in this black game of his. I'll make him—Why, sir, see the Captain!"

Relford was staggering. His face was ashen, and he clutched wildly at empty space.

"I—I had to have the money!" he gasped. "My pay was beggarly, and my needs many. I needed the money, and—I took it."

He reeled and, only partially checked by Zyra's helping hand, fell to the floor. There he lay still.

A muffled roar passed Griffen's lips, and he bounded forward like an animal upon its prey. Before Wesley, gazing stupidly at the havoc he had wrought, was aware of the new element in the case, Griffen had hold of him.

"You black, poison snake!" grated the faithful fellow. "I'll have your blood for this! You have killed the best man alive. Yes, guilty or innocent, the very best. This for you!"

He lifted Wesley clear of the floor and ran forward to the open window. Exerting all his powers, he flung him out and sent a fierce word after him. By that time Saywood was in the room. He was eager to do what was needed, but it was Zyra who came strongly to the front. She was on her knees, loosening the fallen officer's cravat.

"Griffen," she directed, "go for the post surgeon. Go, at once!"

"I am off, madam!" responded Griffen, promptly.

He started, and Saywood knelt and lifted Relford's head.

The Lieutenant was never very clear as to the events of the next hour. He remembered that the surgeon came, that he examined the Commandant and pronounced his case far from fatal, and that, nevertheless, both Relford and his daughter lay unconscious for the greater part of the night. He was not barred out of that struggle for their lives, and he worked side by side with Zyra, finding himself stirred by painful need into something like ability to help.

It was when there seemed to be no more to do, and when he was settling down to the matter of waiting, that Griffen came into the house after a brief absence. That man brought his heels together, saluted with scrupulous nicety, and distinctly said:

"I have, sir, to report the sudden death of Orderly Wesley. He lies outside yonder window, his neck broken. I am of the opinion, sir, that he may have leaned out for a breath of air, and happened to fall."

"Griffen, have you been doing violence to him?" Saywood demanded.

"Not a thing, sir, except what you know. I'll swear to that. The fall did it. Do you think, sir, that the world is any the poorer for his going?"

And then it flashed upon Saywood what this death meant. Wesley would never tell what he had known.

"Griffen, you will be silent——"

"Silent as the grave. I swear it. Trust me! Look, I think somebody else wishes to speak to you, sir."

Zyra, free from work, was approaching. Griffen saluted again and withdrew, and the girl came on and placed her hand in the Lieutenant's.

"You must know everything now," she said.

CHAPTER XXI.

MYSTERY ENDS.

Zyra told the story while the first gray of dawn was creeping into the east.

"I never knew until after we came back from the hills, you and I. For a long while I had seen that Estelle was very unhappy, and that some terrible secret preyed upon her mind. It was the added fear that you would learn the truth that finally led her to confide in me.

"By chance she learned her father's secret; learned that he was the mythical Claggitt who had done so much mischief hereabouts. Naturally, the Captain never mentioned it to her. It is her belief that he had no associates outside the post, or possibly, there was one humble fellow who did a little there. It does not matter.

"From Wesley's injudicious remarks she knows that he and Sinnott were responsible for the first wrong steps. They prevailed upon Captain Relford, but the daring, original manner in which the robberies were committed was Relford's own idea.

"There was never an outside gang, but every robbery was by soldiers, led by Sinnott or Peter Kesley, the latter being that sentry who vanished so suddenly a few days back. You see, there were a half dozen or so soldiers who had been introduced into the troop for that very purpose, and Relford had only to detail those men, under Sinnott, to make the theft certain and safe.

"Now, Lieutenant, you probably find it hard to reconcile this story with Estelle's statement to you that she was the garrison traitor, and that she was an unwilling confederate of a man she said had lately been shot. Do not try to reconcile the two. Remember what had gone before.

"For years Estelle had lived in constant terror, ever dreading that her father would be exposed. Of course, the pursuing parties he sent out after an outrage could learn nothing, even if led by an honest man, for there was nobody outside the garrison to be caught, but it was always like living on a volcano's edge.

"When you came, she feared more than ever. For weeks she had dreaded your arrival, for she knew you were a zealous man. When you arrived and began to learn too much she tried to pledge you to silence, but you refused. Then it was that she decided upon a hazardous step. If she could herself assume the guilt she thought you might let matters rest, and, if you did not, that you would be so much on the wrong track that you would fail to learn anything. That is why she told you that story about herself.

"That story was fiction, pure and simple. She has never had a mysterious lover, past or present. She never had part in the so-called Claggitt deeds. She never did more sin than an angel might do, God bless the dear girl! Yes, her entire story was false, told to shield her father.

"Now, last of all, for years Captain Relford's mind has been wrong. It was that that led him into his lawless acts. Twenty years ago he inherited eighty thousand dollars, and time has made it far more than that, yet his mental aberration—really, his one mania—has been that he is very poor. To satisfy that mania he has added the pitifully small gains taken in by the robberies hereabouts.

"Lieutenant Saywood, consider what you have seen of the unfortunate Commandant. Has his administration here been wise and skilful, or has it been lax? Have you not yourself told me that a stronger, younger man was needed here? It is nearer the truth to say that Captain Relford should be in his mental prime at his age, but is not. He is sorely stricken, and administrative affairs here would be far worse but for one loyal helper. He found that helper in Lieutenant Morcratz, but Morcratz could not accomplish the impossible. He has done his best, and saved the post from utter confusion.

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"I am prescribing it now in cases of sickness, especially when coffee does not agree, or affects the heart, nerves or stomach.

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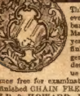
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The story was told, Saywood had interpolated more than one exclamation, and he had a few brief words to say at the end, but Zyra could find no fault with his decision. Presently he eagerly exclaimed:

"This must be hushed up! The truth must never be known. Relford's fine reputation must be guarded. That shall be my work, and my heart will be in it. It shall be done!"

Zyra started up, her face beaming, and their hands met in a warm clasp. A few minutes later, when the Lieutenant left the house, he met Morcratz. That officer smiled gravely.

"Saywood," he said, quietly, "it's time for you to understand me. The cause of things will be clearer when I tell you certain facts. I will do it, for I know how much has been told you by another. For two years Estelle Relford has been my promised wife, our marriage being postponed by her father's mental condition. When you came here you met an enemy in me. Why? Simply because I feared you would bring disaster to the old Commandant. From the first I hated the sight of you, and I know my antipathy crept into my manner toward you. I was ungracious—yes, because I was frightened. Now, you have proved yourself a man and a gentleman, and I heartily beg your pardon for my distrust. Unless your aversion is too pronounced, you may have me for your friend to the end of time. Will you take my hand?"

A horseman slowly jogging along just inside the sentry line saw the handshake and grunted in amazement.

"Well, well," he muttered, "the lion has got the lamb in tow, and I reckon the love-feast is fully on! Hi, there, Boy Saywood, have you room for me?"

The rider was Nat Brief, and he was soon telling a story of his own.

"I've got things all sifted out at Sunset Valley," he reported, "but I can't see how your post traitor is going to mix in with the ranchers. Ructions in the Valley began and ended with the calamity that mail-carrier Clarke met with.

"Passing along, from time to time, Clarke always met a gal there who set food before him at table—that, and nothing more. No love scrape, it seems; but a miserable knave called Jenkins, who had been cast off by that same damsel, saw fit to be jealous of Clarke. On that fatal occasion Jenkins was drunk, and he follered Clarke and shot him, so the mail-carrier took to the hills—maybe half crazy with his wound—and died there clinging to the mail.

"Now, about Gustavus Elderley and his riders. Too late, they learned of Jenkins' intention to do violence. They follered, and so appeared in the hills as you know. Since then Jenkins has been found dead, drunkenly killed by his own hand. Pass that by."

"But," exclaimed Saywood, "if Elderley and his friends are such white-robed saints, why did they shoot at Zyra and me?"

"Because, seen at a distance, you looked like Jenkins. There sure was a likeness. I've been convinced of that. They were hunting Jenkins for what they rightly believed to be murder. They saw you and peppered away at you, but only because they mistook you for that Jenkins. I am plumb obliged to believe all this, for they have proved it. Moral, if you look like another man, and he's a rascal, take to the caves o' the earth an' hide there until he is buried."

Sergeant Winslow approached and saluted.

"Sir," he said, addressing Saywood, "I have to report that Corporal Sinnott and five men of his troop are missing at roll-call."

"Ah!" said the Lieutenant, composedly. "They will probably be in as soon as wanted."

But they never came, and the last of the "Claggitt" gang was gone from the post. If there was tattling it never reached interested ears.

Some minor mysteries were slowly cleared away. It was believed but never positively known, that the attempt to shoot Saywood at Cutlip was instigated by Wesley. The letter of warning to the Lieutenant was written by a woman in Cutlip, a former servant of the Relfords, who knew much of the truth.

The "burglar" of Saywood's early days at the garrison was Wesley, ever active and venomous. He doubted that the alleged charts of the hills were so innocent, and wished to satisfy himself. Two attempts satisfied him, so he then left them alone.

Wesley, himself, was placed by Nat, after much cogitation, as a former Black Hills desperado. The scout had early seen the resemblance, but a new name had baffled his recognition for a time.

Before the last attack upon the Lieutenant, Estelle had learned of Wesley's intention, and had gone to the officer to warn him openly, but, with the word "tonight" upon her lips, had fainted.

Mrs. Elderley's agitation was natural. Having learned that her husband had mistakenly been shooting at Saywood, when Jenkins was hunted, she was naturally startled at finding herself suddenly face to face with him.

Both Captain Relford and his daughter slowly recovered, but illness had mercifully blotted out from the Commandant's mind all recollection of his experiences and sins as a robber. By Saywood's strenuous efforts the episode was kept secret, and the old warrior's reputation remained unblemished. Having been long treated by an eminent specialist in the East, he regained practically perfect mental control, and looked forth in the last years of his life upon a world that held no censure for him.

Estelle, now Mrs. Morcratz, and her husband made their home with the veteran, Morcratz having resigned from the army simultaneously with his father-in-law.

A year later Fort Despair was abolished as a military post, and Saywood was sent to the Dakotas. The change delighted him, especially as it placed him near Zyra Cheswick's home.

Afterwards, when they were man and wife, it was pleasant to have Nat Brief drop in for a visit, and when the scout came they were compelled to read to him several times over the latest letter from Metterson in England.

The End.

* * *

A Lucky Tumble.

A sheep herder out in Wyoming got too near the edge of a bluff while he was following his herd and he tumbled down. The descent was steep and the man was pretty well shaken up when he picked himself out of the tangle of his arms and legs. But he was repaid for his injuries in a way. His fall had torn away the growth about a hollow at the foot of the bluff and in the hollow he found the remains of an old Indian household. There were arrow and spear heads of stone, and there were stone knives and pipe bowls and plenty of pottery. He carried all the find away with him when he went to the town of Douglas to find a doctor.

* * *

Going on a Journey.

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* * *

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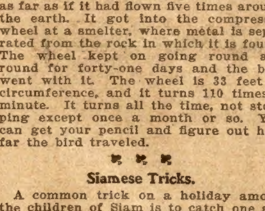
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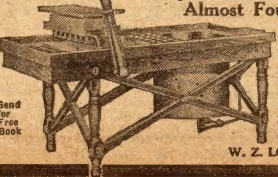
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Courtnay's Strange Will

Or, A WOMAN'S FAITH :=: By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT

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CHAPTER XI.

HER UNSHAKEN FAITH.

WALTER was in riding dress and carried his cap in one hand and whip in the other. He looked radiantly happy and strikingly handsome.

"Why, Bruce, old fellow, I did not know you had returned," he exclaimed, coming forward. He threw his cap on the table and held out his hand.

Bruce looked at him, his hands in the pockets of his coat.

"I do not care to shake hands with you, Walter," he said. "I do not care about taking the hand of a—murderer."

Walter's hand dropped to his side. He stared at Bruce, and the look on his face was very like amazement.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Have you lost your senses?"

"I mean that suspicion points very strongly toward you as the murderer of your wife, the young girl you married secretly a year ago," replied Bruce.

Walter started. Then he turned slowly and looked at Ruth.

"Ruth, do you believe what that man says—that I am guilty of murder?" he asked.

"No," she replied steadily, "I do not."

Walter threw back his head, drawing a long breath.

"It is true that I was secretly married to that unfortunate girl," he said, addressing Ruth. "But God knows I did not kill her."

"On the morning of the 15th of December," said Bruce, "you read in the paper of Andrew Courtnay's death and of his will. That night you paid a visit to your wife at the cottage ten miles from Ramsay."

"That is all true," declared Walter.

"You and your wife quarreled."

"We had a disagreement. I suppose you might term it a quarrel," Walter admitted.

"The next morning your wife was found by her servant stabbed to the heart. You were known to the servant woman only as Mr. Walters. She believed it to be your right name. After the murder, Mr. Walters disappeared, and all efforts to trace him proved unavailing. That is easily explained by the fact that no one thought of connecting Walters with Walter Courtnay, cashier of the Second National Bank in Ramsay. I took a picture of you to Martha Lyons, the servant woman, and she at once identified you as Walters, husband of the murdered woman. Your wife was stabbed with a slender sharp-pointed instrument. You have in your possession a dagger that would inflict just such a wound."

Walter Courtnay's face had grown troubled as he listened.

"I see that you have made a case of circumstantial evidence against me," he said. He turned to Ruth. "Let me tell you all, and then judge me as leniently as you can." She inclined her head. Walter walked to the mantel and stood opposite Bruce. "About a year ago," he continued, addressing Ruth, "I was in Denver on some business connected with the bank. I made the acquaintance at that time of Maurice Le Moyne, manager of the Crescent Theater, and of his daughter, Helene. She was eighteen years old, beautiful, with the gold-haired, pink-and-white beauty, soulless beauty, of a wax doll. She had an air of innocence that cloaked the arts and allurements of a finished coquette. Her mother was dead and her father was training her for the vaudeville stage.

"I became desperately infatuated with her. I fancied myself madly in love. From the very first she encouraged me and led me on. She cared for me as far as she was capable of caring for any one, and when I asked her to marry me she consented. She declared, however, that her father would never give his consent to the marriage, and suggested a runaway marriage. This did not altogether commend itself to me, but the fear of losing the girl proved stronger than my doubts and scruples. We were married, and I took my wife to a cottage ten miles from Ramsay. It was at her suggestion again that we were known under an assumed name, to prevent her father, of whom she seemed to have a strange fear, from tracing us."

He paused, sighed, and then continued: "It was not very long before I awoke to the fact that I had made a great mistake, that the feeling I had mistaken for love was only a passing infatuation for the butterfly beauty of a creature, weak, selfish, petulant, capricious, untruthful, and without any sense of honor."

Ruth lifted her hand with a protesting gesture.

"It hurts me to hear you speak like that of her," she said. "I suppose it is because she is—dead."

"She was my wife, however," he continued, "and I was prepared to make the best of my mistake. She grew tired of the dull life at the cottage. I offered to make the marriage public and take her to live in Ramsay, but that did not suit her. She wanted me to take her away to a distance. This I refused to do as it would necessitate my resigning my position. It was about this we quarreled the last night I visited the cottage. She then told me that she had written to her father and told him of the marriage and where she was living. Knowing how capricious she was, I was not surprised. She seemed rather to regret, however, having informed her father. I found her more than usually trying, and left the cottage at about ten o'clock, instead of remaining until the next day. When I heard of the murder I determined to keep my marriage a secret. It never occurred to me that I might be suspected of the murder." He looked steadily at his cousin. "Of course it is quite clear why you are trying to fasten the crime on me. But I shall rest neither night nor day till I have proved my innocence."

"You need not prove your innocence to me, Walter," declared Ruth. "My faith in you is as strong as my love. I am ready to become your wife at once if you so desire."

Bruce Allan's teeth set and his face whitened. Walter went and stood beside her chair.

"God bless you, my darling!" he said, brokenly. "Your faith in me makes me happier than I can tell you. But I shall never claim you as my wife until I have lifted this dark shadow resting upon my life. I love you too well to bind your life to mine until I have accomplished this. And I shall accomplish it." He drew himself up and his eyes flashed.

She arose, holding out her hands to him.

"God prosper you, dear," she said. "I shall wait and pray for your return."

He drew her in his arms and kissed her, gently released her, and passed out.

"Is he innocent, or the most consummate of actors?" Bruce asked himself. He looked at Ruth. She was standing very still and very pale, gazing wistfully at the door through which Walter had passed. He looked at her with a great pain and a great yearning. Her unswerving faith in the man she loved had only served to render her the more desirable. He had never loved her so dearly as in that moment. He realized that his one chance of winning her lay in destroying her faith in Walter Courtnay. He knew that once she lost faith, her love would die. He moved toward her, pausing beside her. She turned and looked at him, and he saw her shrink.

"Ruth," he said, a note of pleading in his voice, "it's not the hope of gaining my uncle's fortune that has actuated me in this. It is my love for you. Walter Courtnay is unworthy——"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"Don't say any more, Bruce," she said, with quiet dignity. "You must know that nothing you can say will destroy my faith in Walter Courtnay, the man I love, the man whose wife I shall some day be."

"Should he fail to make good his boast, to prove his innocence, will you still believe in him" asked Bruce.

"Yes," she replied, steadily, as she moved toward the door. "I know him to be incapable of so cowardly, so inhuman a crime."

She passed out. He stood with a pale, baffled look on his face.

"And that is the way women like Ruth Weatherby love," he murmured. He stood, thinking. "Nothing but right down actual proof of his guilt will convince her. I'll return to the West. I'll see this man, LeMoyne, the father of Walter Courtnay's wife. I may obtain some information from him that will help bring home the murder to Walter Courtnay."

He went in search of his mother, to whom he explained matters. Mrs. Allan was overwhelmed.

"It's horrible! incredible that Walter could have been guilty of such a crime!" she declared. "What are you trying to do, Bruce? Bring disgrace and obloquy upon the name of Courtnay?"

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "You take a rather strange view of the matter, mother."

"Its all owing to that preposterous will of Andrew's!" murmured Mrs. Allan, helplessly.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ALIBI.

The cousins left Courtnay Manor on the same boat, but studiously avoided each other during the trip to Baltimore. Upon arriving in that city, Walter, after registering at the Hotel Rennert, went to one of the best known detective bureaus. He was shown into the private office of the superintendent.

"I want to employ one of your cleverest detectives," said Walter.

The superintendent reflected a moment, then he turned to the speaking tube beside his desk.

"Send Jefferies here," he called. "Jim Jefferies is one of the smartest detectives," he explained to Walter.

In a few minutes Jefferies, a tall, thin, sharp-faced man, entered.

Walter lost no time in explaining the case and his object in desiring the services of a detective. Jefferies listened attentively and in absolute silence, making no remark until Walter had finished.

"Where did you obtain the dagger, Mr. Courtnay, which your cousin saw in your possession?" he asked.

"It was given to me by my wife," Walter replied. "She had two. They were given to her by an Italian, Paola Farreri, who was a member of a stock company which played a season at her father's theater, the Crescent." He hesitated a moment and then added, "She told me that Farreri was madly in love with her, that she encouraged him, flirted with him, until she tired, then repulsed him." He paused.

Jefferies glanced at him questioningly.

"You suspect Farreri of having killed your wife?" he queried.

"Yes," replied Walter. "I have suspected him from the first."

"Are your suspicions founded simply upon the Italian's vindictive nature?" asked the detective.

"No," replied Walter. "After I left the cottage on the night of the murder, I passed a man on the road. It was too dark for me to see him very distinctly, but he was of the same build as the Italian, tall and slim. He was going in the direction of the cottage."

"The servant woman claims, you say, that she went to bed as soon as you left the cottage. Where did she sleep?

"In a room on the second floor of the cottage."

"Was her room near the room in which the murder was committed?"

"No, it was on the other side of the house, over the kitchen."

"Too far away for the woman to have heard any talking or struggle that may have taken place?"

"Yes, decidedly."

"Did you return to Ramsay immediately upon leaving the cottage?"

"Yes. I was on horseback."

"The man you passed was walking?"

"Yes, he was walking."

"Is there any railway station nearer to the cottage than that at Ramsay?"

"Yes, a small branch station about three miles from the cottage."

"Do you know of any way in which this Farreri could have found out where your wife was?"

Walter reflected a moment.

"He may have found out from my wife's father. She told me the night of the murder that she had written to her father a week before, telling him that she was married and where she was living."

"Was the father inclined to favor the advances of the Italian toward his daughter?"

Walter shook his head with great decision.

"No. He was bitterly opposed to her marrying—in fact, to any one approaching her as a lover. If he were not her father, I would say that he was intensely jealous of her."

"Ah!" Jefferies looked thoughtful. "You say that marrying without getting his consent and living under an assumed name was your wife's wish?"

"Yes, it would never have occurred to me to propose anything of the kind. Helene declared that it was no use to ask her father's consent, that he would not only refuse it, but would separate us. There were times when she seemed to fear him."

"How do you account for her writing to inform him of the marriage?"

Walter shrugged his shoulders.

"There was no accounting for many things she did. She was capricious and a mass of inconsistencies."

"You did not inform Le Moyne of his daughter's death?"

"I did not. My desire was to keep my marriage a secret, and, when Le Moyne made no sign, I let the matter rest there. I concluded from his silence after receiving his daughter's letter that he had repudiated her entirely. It is possible he never heard of the murder, though that doesn't seem likely, as the Denver newspapers were full of it. I deeply regret now my concealment of the marriage."

"Your silence after the murder has placed you in an awkward position," declared the detective.

"I realize that now, when it is too late," Walter admitted, with a sigh. "I want you to accompany me to Ramsay, Mr. Jefferies. I must find the murderer of my wife and establish my innocence of the crime. When can you start for the West?"

Jefferies looked toward the superintendent, who had been a silent, but interested listener to the conversation.

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"You can go at once, Jefferies," he said.

Upon the following day Walter Courtnay and the detective started for the West. When they arrived in Denver, Jefferies advised Walter to remain in that city while he went alone to Ramsay.

"Your going to Ramsay will avail nothing," he declared. "And might result in your being arrested if you happened to be seen by your former servant."

Walter looked crestfallen, but was forced to admit that the detective was right. He brightened, however, when Jefferies promised to report immediately upon discovering anything of importance.

The detective started for Ramsay. Two days passed and Walter heard nothing from him. On the third day, when he had become unbearably restless and had almost made up his mind to follow Jefferies, the latter walked quietly into their private parlor at the hotel. Walter started to his feet with an exclamation.

"I was just thinking of following you," he said.

The detective shook his head with the suspicion of a grim smile.

"You'll have to cultivate patience," he declared.

"That's hard to do under existing conditions," answered Walter, dejectedly. He looked eagerly, questioningly, at Jefferies. "Have you made any discovery?"

"Yes." The detective sat down. "I have found out that on the night of the murder a man, answering to the description of the one you passed on the road, got off the train at the branch station, at a little after ten o'clock, coming from the direction of Denver. He returned in about an hour, and took a train going toward Denver. The station agent did not get a very good look at his face, as the collar of his overcoat was turned up, he describes him as tall and slim, with dark eyes and hair."

"Farreri!" exclaimed Walter, excitedly.

"Perhaps," said Jefferies. "But we mustn't be too sure."

"What are you going to do?" asked Walter, eagerly.

"Find out where Farreri was on the night of December 15th. There is a theatrical booking office in the Colorado Building on South Exeter street. I may be able to find out there where Farreri was during that week." He arose. "I'll go there rignt off," and he went out.

Walter lighted a cigar and sat down to wait Jefferies' return. His spirits had risen. It seemed to him that they were in a fair way to find the murderer of his wife and to prove his own innocence. He believed that Farreri was the murderer. Helene had told him, with a smile on her red lips, how she had played with the Italian until she wearied of him. Well, she had paid dearly for her heartless coquetry and folly. He shuddered as he thought of the lovely, childish, pink-and-white face ghastly in death, the blue eyes fixed and staring.

"How different my feeling for Ruth," he murmured. "Helene appealed only to the senses; Ruth to all that is noblest and best in a man. And, yet, there are times when I seem to see in Ruth a subtle resemblance to Helene." He started to his feet. "I'll write to Ruth and tell her that I am on the track of the murderer."

He ordered stationery brought to the room, and then seated himself at a table to write his letter.

"My Dearest," he began, "I have good news for you. I think that Jefferies, the detective I have employed is on the trail of the murderer."

He stopped and looked up as the door opened and Jefferies entered. The latter came forward without speaking.

"Well?" queried Walter.

"We're on tne wrong track," replied the detective, briefly.

The pen dropped from Walter's fingers.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"There's a clear alibi for Farreri," the detective explained. "On the 15th of last December he was playing in vaudeville at the Majestic Theater in Chicago."

Walter sank back in his chair with something like a groan.

"Then we are as far off from arriving at the truth as ever," he murmured, with utter despondency. His eyes fell on the letter he had commenced. He took it up, tore it across several times, and dropped the pieces into the waste basket. Then he glanced half impatiently at the calm face of the detective. "What's to be done next?" he asked, wearily.

"I am going to try to discover who the man was you met on the road the night of the murder," replied Jefferies. "When we find that out I believe we shall know who committed the murder."

"But who, with the exception of Farreri, would have a motive for the murder?"

"That is what we have to find out. I am going to make a call upon Le Moyne," moving toward the door. "He may be able to throw some light on the subject."

CHAPTER XIII.

MAURICE LE MOYNE.

Maurice Le Moyne, manager of the Crescent Theater, had a suite on the third floor of the Crescent Theater Building. Jefferies was informed that the manager was engaged at present, and was shown into an anteroom to wait.

A good-looking young fellow was strolling about the room smoking a cigarette. He opened a conversation with Jefferies, who was soon in possession of the information that his companion's name was Vincent St. Clare, that he was an actor filling an engagement at the Crescent.

"I presume you're well acquainted with Mr. Le Moyne?" inquired Jefferies.

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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CHICA

Generosity.

"Don, did you give Bessie the best part of that apple, as you were told?"

"Yes, I gave her the seeds. She can plant them and have the whole orchard"

Ready to Use.

Wife—"Why do you buy such a lot of stamps at once?"

Husband—"So there'll be a few that won't get stuck together."

TOO MUCH WATER MELON.

Willie's Question.

"Pa, was Job a doctor?"

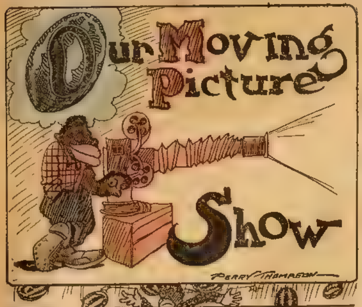
"Not that I know of."

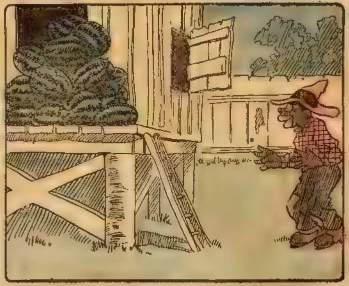
"Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?"

Cruelty.

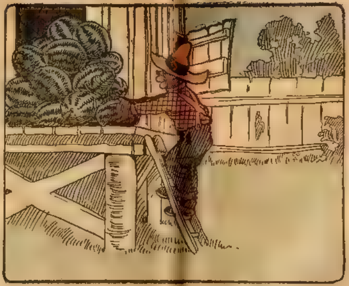
"These are the children of my brain," said the man with the bunch of poems.

"Some children," replied the editor, "ought to be in the reform school."

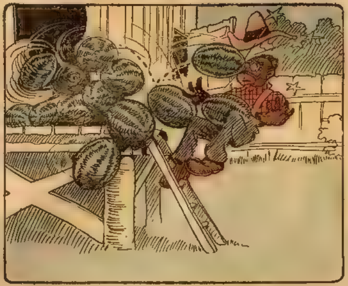




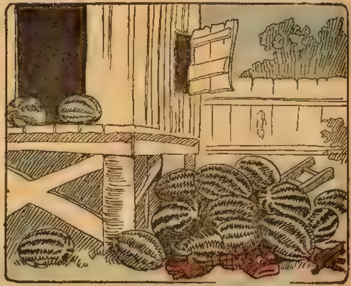
Sam 'Laws, look at all dem wattah millions! I se shuah gwineter hab one o' dem ba nes.



'Yum Yum, Ah sholy enjoys wattah million when—



'Wow' Ah done loosened up de whole pile. Help! Help'



'Dis am positibly de fust occasion upon which yuahs truly ebbah had too much wattah million."

Two Faucets Left.

Willie was on a visit to his uncle in the country, and was watching him milking one evening. When he returned to the house his aunt asked him: "Is Uncle Hezzie through milking yet, Willie?"

"Not yet," answered Willie. "He's finished two faucets, and has just commenced on the other two."

◆

Low-Down Mathematics.

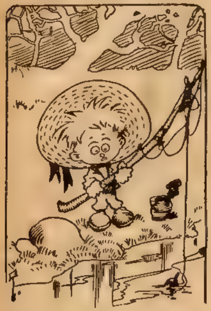
"I say, old boy, lend me an X."

"Would if I could, dear chap, but there's an algebraic difficulty in the way"

"What is it?"

"An X with me is an unknown quantity"

◆



"Pop sez a sucker's born every minute—but blamed if it seems like it."

It Was "De Second Time."

A passenger on a New York-Cleveland sleeper, on awakening in the morning, found under his berth one black shoe and one brown one. He called the porter and directed his attention to the error. The porter scratched his woolly head in utter bewilderment.

"Well," said the exasperated passenger. "What's the matter?"

Now, if dat don't beat all!" exclaimed the porter. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat dat mistake's happened"

◆

He Could Prove It.

"My dear, I was one of the very first to leave," said a man, who, on returning from an evening party was greeted reproachfully by his wife.

"Oh, you always say that," she retorted.

"Well, I can prove it this time, anyhow," insisted the husband "Look in the hall, and see the gold-mounted umbrella I've brought home."

◆

Could Ask the Way.

"Hullo, wot's in the basket, 'Arry?"

"'Oming pigeons."

"Don't yer ever lose 'em?"

"No. I crosses mine with talkin' parrots, so that if they loses their way they can arsk!"

◆

What He Learned.

"What has your boy learned at school this session?"

"He has learned that he'll have to be vaccinated, that his eyes aren't really mates and that his method of breathing is entirely obsolete."

◆

More Evidence Wanted.

A man was being tried on the charge of selling adulterated whisky. The whisky was offered in evidence.

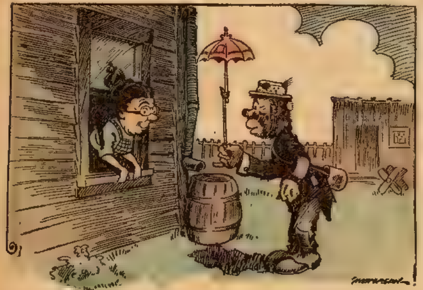
Foreman of the Thirsty Jury—"Your Honor, we want more evidence."

◆

Why He Helped.

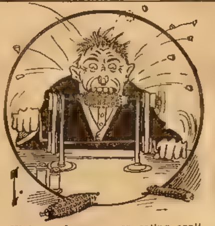
Merchant (to stranger)—"I thank you, sir, for helping my clerk throw that book agent out. Now what can I do for you?"

Stranger—"I'd like to sell you the 'Life of Washington'."



Kind Lady—I'm just makin' some nice hot oatmeal muffins. Would you care for some of those?

Particular Pete—Nix, lady, oatmeal has too heatin' an effect on de blood dis hot weather. Can't yeh up an' make me a little snack uv ice cream?



High speed green corn eating appliance.

◆

A Touching Business.

Senator Beveridge was talking about the child-labor problem

"Children are so plucky and cheerful," he said. "we don't realize how overworked they are.

"I was once talking to a tiny errand boy. As he walked sturdily along with a mountain of parcels piled on his shoulders, I said to him:

"'Do you like your job?'

"'Yes, sir,' he said: 'I like it fine. Only——'

"Here be grinned up at me gayly from beneath his load:

"'Only I'm afraid I'm doing an automobile truck out of a job.'"

◆

The Judge's Warning.

"Gentlemen," said the judge of an Arkansas court to the attorneys during a trial, "I don't mind your shooting at each other occasionally if the circumstances seem to justify it; but I see that one of your bullets has hit an overcoat belonging to the court and broken a quart flask in the inside pocket. I wish it to be distinctly understood that if there is any more such careless shooting in this court, I'll lift the scalp of the galoot that does it. Now go ahead with the case."

◆

Was a Good Judge.

Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other. "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the State."

◆

Delay.

"So you have a black eye again," said the young man's father."

"I have"

"Didn't I tell you to count twenty before you utter an angry word?"

"That's what I was doing when he got in the first blow."

◆

Exactly.

"What is meant by the expression 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread'?"

"Why, that's the same thing as 'There is no marriage nor giving in marriage in Heaven'."

◆

Well, of Course

Bacon—"And you say the general is the highest officer in rank?"

Egbert—"Oh, yes."

"And can no one give him orders?"

"Nobody but his wife."

Sacrificial.

Sweet Girl (affectionately)—"Papa, you wouldn't like me to leave you, would you?"

Papa (fondly)—"Indeed, I would not, my darling'

Sweet Girl—"Well, then I'll marry Mr. Poorchap He is willing to live here.'

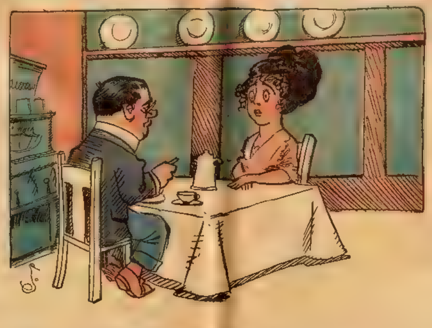
A Little.

Man wants but little here below, and he gets it when he goes to the grocery with less than five dollars.

Bad for the Head.

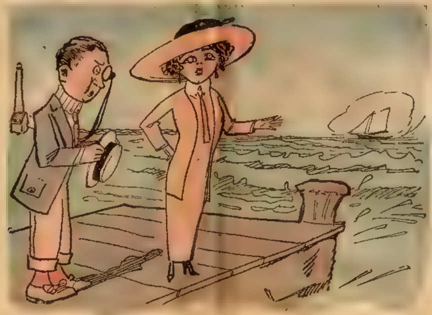
Mrs. Binks—"Headache this morning, eh? H'm! What caused that?"

Mr. Binks—"I—er—don't know exactly, but I remember I had a sort of a rush of blood from holding my head down during that long prayer Sunday before last."



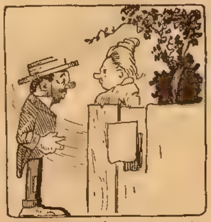
Hubby—"I hate to mention it, but there's something wrong with these strawberries'

Wife—"I'm so sorry I wanted them to be especially nice, so before I allowed the cook to touch them I made her sterilize her hands with carbolic acid."



Gwendolyn—"Perce, if I fell into that awful sea what would you do?"

Perce—"Gwen, dear, I'd go and get the life savers if I had to wun five miles"



Lady—"What will you take to chop me some wood?'

Hopeless Hank—"Oh, most any kind of dope so I won't know what I'm doin'."

◆

Determined.

A little city miss was visiting in the country and strayed out into the field one day where there were a few lambs. Exasperated by the incessant bleating of one of the lambs, she stamped her foot and said: "You can tell your ma-a and your pa-a and your family; I've got as much right here as you, and I'm going to stay—so there!"

◆

A Foolish Father.

Willis—"Great Scott, man! You don't mean to say you can't do anything with that son of yours who is reported to be doing such awful carousing at college?"

Gillis (sadly)—"I haven't the heart to say a word. You see, I was foolish enough to take him with me to the national convention of my lodge last summer."

◆

A Delicate Point.

They hadn't been married very long.

"My wife has been preparing angel food every day for dinner," remarked the young husband

"You must be getting tired of it."

"I am. How soon after the honeymoon would it be proper to ask for beefsteak and onions?"

◆

Smart as a Lawyer.

First Burglar—"You was mighty lucky to get cleared; but that there lawyer charged ye about all ye stole, didn't he?"

Second Burglar—"That don't matter. I'll watch my chance when he goes home tonight, and get it back."

◆

Simple Life All "Moonshine."

"I stopped over here," said the tourist, "to enjoy the simple life."

"Hush' warned the Georgia moonshiner, "not so loud. Put your money on the stump yander, an' turn yo' back an' shut yo' eyes. Quart or gallon, sir?"

◆

Tired of Being an Example.

"Remember," said the ready-made philosopher, "that poverty is no disgrace."

"Yes," replied the cynic. "That's a beautiful truth. But nobody wants to be the object lesson all his life."

◆

Bows and Beaux.

Bella—"Is she musical?"

Beulah—"Not a bit."

Bella—"But I heard somebody say she had had experience in handling a bow?"

Beulah—"Oh, they meant she had been engaged to be married several times."

Keeping Up Style.

Mr. Minks—"That girl was decent enough to black the stoves before going, I see."

Mrs. Minks—"No, I blackened them myself, and it's lucky I did."

"Lucky?"

"Yes, indeed. Mrs. De Fashion and Mrs. De Style called right in the midst of it, and so I just put a little more blacking on my face and went to the door, and told them I wasn't in. They said they'd call again."

◆

A Strategist.

"My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it."

"I'll tell you what I did. As soon as our baby commenced to cry I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep."

◆

What Ailed Them.

Mrs. Upton—"Who are those —— staggering along?'

Mr. Upton—"Mr. Richmann and his coachman, Mike.'

"What is the matter with them?"

"Mr. Richmann has evidently been dining and Mike has been drinking"

◆

A Youngster's Logic.

Auntie—"Oh, Harry, I'm ashamed of you playing cricket today. Don't you know it's the day of rest?"

Harry—"Yes, auntie, but I'm not tired."

◆

The Immediate Proposition.

"Are you interested in the recall?"

"Not yet," replied the habitual candidate. "What I am interested in is a means of getting somewhere in the first place."

◆

Promptly Accepted.

"The position requires a high degree of courage. We must know that you possess it."

"Well, sir, I ran a moving picture show for six months in a college town."

Slipshod Work.

St. Peter—"What's the matter in the recording angel's department?"

Spirit "Slipshod work They are trying to find out who is to blame. You let Mr. Greatman in yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes. There wasn't a thing against him"

"Well, the recording angel has got hold of an old newspaper printed by the opposition party, and has found out all sorts of horrible things about him."

◆

Time's Changes.

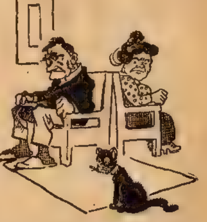
Mrs. D'Avnoo—"Those street repairers have got through at last."

Mr. D'Avnoo—"They have?"

Mrs. D'Avnoo—"Yes; they have taken away their red lantern."

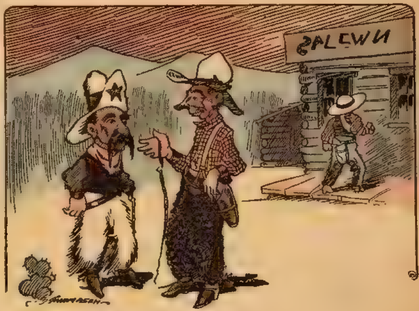
Mr. D'Avnoo—"Taken away their red lantern? Well, well! Another old landmark gone."

◆



Mrs. Whimper—"John, if I should die would you marry again?"

Whimper—"Perhaps, if the trap was set differently"



Red Gulch Dick—What's the matter with Lame-Arm Larry?

Strikemrich Sam—His nerves are all knocked to pieces. He drew a gun on himself last night when he caught himself cheating in a game of solitaire.

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Courtnay's Strange Will.

(Continued from page eleven.)

The actor nodded. "Yes, I have been playing an engagement at the Crescent for the past five seasons."

"Then you must have known his daughter?"

"Yes, poor girl. Awful thing, her murder! She was a deuced pretty girl. I remember her mother died during the first season I played at the Crescent. Must have been as pretty once as her daughter, but had gone off terribly in looks. I believe she ran away from her first husband with Le Moyne when Helene was only a baby."

"So the girl was not Le Moyne's own daughter," observed the detective, quietly.

"No, she was his stepdaughter, but she always went by his name and was generally supposed to be his own daughter."

"Do you know what her real name was?"

The young man reflected.

"I have heard it, I know. Let me see! Oh, yes, it was Weatherby."

At that moment a dashing-looking young woman came out of the inner office St. Clare went to meet her, and Jefferies passed into the inner office.

A man, tall, slim, and lithe, was standing at a safe with his back to the door. He turned as the detective entered, and advanced to his desk near the center of the room. He had very dark eyes and hair, an olive skin, flushed to deep red on the cheeks, a long nose with thin, dilated nostrils, and heavy, sensual lips. He was clean-shaven, carefully dressed, and exceedingly well-groomed. He glanced sharply and inquiringly at Jefferies.

"My name is Jefferies, Mr. Le Moyne," said the detective, briskly. "I am a detective." He paused, as Le Moyne gave a quick start, and an expression that closely resembled fear passed swiftly over his face.

"What is your business with me?" he asked, controlling his voice with an effort.

"I want to talk with you about the murder of your daughter," replied Jefferies.

Le Moyne sat down in the chair before his desk.

"Take a seat," he said, pointing to a chair near him.

The detective sat down. Le Moyne began playing with a pearl-handled paper-knife on his desk. The trained eye of the detective noted that he was making a desperate effort to hide his nervousness. On the third finger of Le Moyne's left hand sparkled a valuable diamond. Jefferies' eyes lingered upon it for a moment.

"I am employed to investigate the murder of your daughter," said the detective. Le Moyne glanced at him quickly, but Jefferies went on without vouchsafing any explanation. "I thought that possibly I might obtain some information from you that would assist me."

"I do not think it is in my power to afford you any assistance," replied Le Moyne, measuredly. "I first learned of the tragic death of my daughter through the newspapers," he continued. "She had gone away a year previous with a young man of the name of Courtnay. The papers stated that she was married to a man named Walters."

"You never heard from your daughter after she left you?"

"No."

"You must have been greatly shocked when you read of her dreadful death in the papers?"

"I was, naturally."

"I have been told that she was very beautiful," As he spoke, the detective fixed his eyes upon Le Moyne's face.

It changed curiously. The eyes narrowed, the thin, racehorse nostrils dilated, the sensual curve of the lips became more pronounced.

"Yes," he murmured, in a low, hoarse voice, "she was very beautiful."

"I suppose you are aware that her husband is suspected of having murdered her?" continued Jefferies. Again Le Moyne's face changed. A tigerish look of hatred flashed into the eyes, the hand toying with the paper knife clinched, driving the blade into the flesh. "Do you believe he killed her?"

"Yes." The word came like a hiss from Le Moyne's lips. The dark red color on his cheek deepened almost to purple. "I hope the crime will be brought home to him! I hate him!" He paused suddenly with an effort at self-control and wiped the blood from the palm of his hand.

"I can understand your feeling as you do," said Jefferies, suavely, "if you believe him to be the murderer of your daughter. Of course, you were greatly attached to her."

A change, more startling than the previous ones, passed over the man's face. The color faded from his checks and lips, leaving him ghastly, the sweat glistened on his brow. He looked in a frightened, furtive manner at Jefferies, with wide, strained eyes.

"I was—attached to her," he answered, in a low voice.

"You were opposed to her marrying?"

"Yes. I was training her for the stage. She would have made a success I did not want her career spoiled."

The detective nodded. "I see." He arose. "I'll not take up any more of your time, Mr. Le Moyne. I'll see you again shortly," and there was the suspicion of a grim smile about the detective's lips.

"I regret I couldn't be of some assistance to you," declared Le Moyne, who had got back his color and his self-control.

"You have been of great assistance to me, Maurice Le Moyne," Jefferies murmured to himself, as he passed out.

Upon his return to the hotel, Jefferies found Walter in the lobby. They went to their rooms together in the elevator.

"Have you seen Le Moyne?" Walter asked.

"Yes, I have seen him," replied Jefferies.

"How did he impress you?"

A twinkle of amusement shone in the detective's eyes, as he replied. "Can't say that he impressed me very favorably."

"Nothing to be learned from him, I suppose, that would throw any light on the murder," said Walter, sitting down dejectedly.

"By the way, did you know that your wife was not Le Moyne's own daughter?" asked the dectective, ignoring Walter's question. "That she was only his stepdaughter?"

Walter looked up in surprise.

"No," he replied. "I always believed her to be his own daughter."

"She was not," the detective explained. "She was the daughter of his wife, who, it appears, left her first husband to go away with Le Moyne. Your wife's real name was Weatherby."

"Weatherby!" exclaimed Walter. "That is the name of the young lady to whom I am engaged, my Uncle Andrew's adopted daughter. Ruth has spoken to me of a half-sister from whom she was separated in childhood." He paused thoughtfully. "And her name was Helene. Great Heavens! Was my unfortunate young wife the sister Ruth loved so dearly?"

"It may be," answered the detective. "Do you think that your wife believed herself to be Le Moyne's daughter?"

"I am sure she did."

"I learned that she was Le Moyne's stepdaughter quite by accident," said Jefferies. "But it gave me a theory which my interview with Le Moyne strengthened. I believe he killed your wife."

"What?" cried Walter, leaping to his feet.

"I believe that Le Moyne was the man you saw on the road the night of the murder," continued the detective. "That he was on his way to visit his stepdaughter, and that she was killed by him."

Walter stared at him horrified, incredulous.

"Why should he wish to kill her?" he queried.

"He was in love with her, madly infatuated. Just what occurred between them that night I am not prepared to state. My idea is that Le Moyne became frenzied and stabbed your wife to the heart. I studied the fellow closely during my interview with him. The man has completely lost his nerve, and had little control over his emotions. When I told him I was a detective he showed dread and fear, which changed

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Washing machine swallows washboard.

SEE HOW SIMPLE, DIFFERENT, EASY

Put **Easy Way** on stove; add water, then soap, then clothes; that's all. In 5 to 8 minutes clothes clean. Dirt removed automatically, except to move knob occasionally. **Entirely unlike old methods.** Scarcely anything to do but wait between batches. The Easy Way develops energy by mechanical manipulation associated with hot water, super-heated steam, soap-suds and scalding vapor, utilized as a compound force, all contained in a closed metal compartment. It is a caution how the Easy Way goes after dirt—gently, but thoroughly. Surprises all who see. Sounds strange, may be hard to believe—but listen, the writer saw it demonstrated—it's all true. No experiment—going on daily. **Thousands are in** use and customers are delighted. It not only **cleans white goods, finest laces, curtains, bed clothes** —but also woolens, flannels, blankets and **colored clothes.** Saves time, fuel, labor, health and money, wear, tear or injury. No soggy, bad-smelling wood, but all **metal—strong, durable, sanitary,** light in weight. Always ready. Child can use it. It will therefore be seen that the Easy Way does in one operation the combined work of wash boiler and washing machine, and in 30 to 50 minutes cleans a washing which before took one-half to an entire day.

Throw them away.

HUNDREDS A WEEK

While at the factory in Cincinnati, the writer found that this invention has caused remarkable excitement all over the U. S. **Factory already rushed with thousands of orders.** Evidently the company's agents are making big money, as they offer good commissions to active agents and will also send a free sample to those who mean business.

As will be noticed from the engraving, this Easy Way Washer is different from any other device for cleaning clothes.

Construction very simple—easily and safely operated by anyone, and built on the latest scientific principles.

THOUSANDS PRAISE IT

The writer was shown hundreds of letters from actual users of this grand invention, proving it a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction. The following extracts may interest our readers:

"The clothes were on the stove washing themselves while I was washing dishes."—Mrs. M. A. Brooke, S. D.

J. W. Meyers of Ga., orders 12 more and says: **"Greatest invention for womanhood, forever abolishing miserable wash-day.** I am ready to have my old washer accompany all others to the dump." J. McGee, Tenn., writes: "One young lady cleaned day's washing by old methods, in one hour with Easy Way, another in 45 minutes." A. P. Poppleton, N. Y.: **"Greatest invention on earth.** Gives perfect satisfaction. Washed bed quilts, greasy overalls and finest laces." Walter Glenn, Ohio: "Far superior to any other method." Cleans clothes perfectly **without rubbing.** H. E. Conley, N. C., writes: "Ship 25 Easy Ways. Been out one day—have 12 orders. **Beats all other washers."** Mrs. Celestia Thompson, Ill., "Easy Way **exceeds all expectations.** Best device I ever saw, have used washing machines 39 years." I. Beck, Ga., writes: "Enclose order. Easy Way as represented. Worked 4 days, have 15 orders." J. H. Barrett, of Ark., after ordering 38 "Easy Ways" says: "I don't understand why it does the work, but it does—you have the **grandest invention I ever heard of."** L. D. Hendricks, of Ill.: Beats anything I ever heard of." F. E. Post, of Pa: "Received Easy Way—**Done a two weeks' washing in 45 minutes**—clothes cleaned without any rubbing. You don't recommend them high enough." E. N. Elliott, N. C.: "My wife highly pleased. Says it's a **Godsend blessing to womankind."** Lauretta Mitchell, O., writes: "Received Easy Way today. Done big washing with it in 45 minutes. Sold 3 already." H. C. Smith, Va.: **"Easy Way perfectly satisfactory.** Does all claimed. Friends delighted, **would hardly believe their eyes."**

This invention must indeed be wonderful, yes, a God-send, that requires less than an hour to clean a wash which before took one-half to an entire day.

Cleans without squeezing—without lime, acids or other chemicals

The writer personally saw an Easy Way in operation, and after using one in his own home is delighted with it and after a thorough investigation can say to our readers that the Easy Way made by the Cincinnati firm seems to satisfy and delight every user, and the makers fully guarantee every one.

HOW TO GET ONE

It is not sold in stores. Write to the

Harrison Mfg. Co.,
2114 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

the only manufacturers of this grand invention. Send no money—simply your name and address, and they will send you circulars giving full description, and testimonials from thousands of users. The price of the Easy Way, complete, ready for use, with full directions, so anyone can operate it, is only $6.00. If you prefer to order at once, do so—you won't be disappointed, as the makers fully guarantee every Easy Way. They are reliable, have been in business for years and do just as they agree.

Don't fail to send for circulars anyway.

FREE SAMPLE TO AGENTS

The firm wants agents, salesmen, managers, men and women—all or part time—at home or traveling, taking orders and appointing agents. **Offers splendid inducements, $30.00 to $50.00** a week. Easy Way new. Nothing else like it. World unsupplied; 5 million to be sold. Where operated people stop, get excited, watch it; **12 see, 10 buy.** N. Boucher, Mass., **orders 75 more and says: "Everybody wants one; best business I ever had."** F. S. Wishart, N. C., **sold 8 in 4 hours—(profit $24.00).** R. O. Cowan, N. Y., **sold 13 in 6 hours—(profit $39.00).** W. C. Wilson sold 7 in half a day—**(profit $21.00).** W. R. Stephenson, Texas, **ordered 244 in 60 days. Only 2 sales a day makes $36.00 weekly profit.**

Why should any of our readers be hard up or poor with **such a chance at hand?** Better write today for **free sample Easy Way 1912 Offer, agents' plan, etc.,** and show the world what you can do. Address:

Harrison Mfg. Co.,
2114 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

to relief upon my explaining my object in seeking him. I asked him if he had heard from his daughter, and he denied having done so. That in itself is significant. He made a point of declaring that he knew nothing of her whereabouts until he read of the murder in the papers. You can see for yourself how he contradicted himself. As you and your wife were living under the name of Walters, he would not have known from the papers that the murdered woman was his stepdaughter. The look on his face was not very fatherly when I spoke of the girl's beauty, and when I spoke of you, if I ever saw hatred on a human countenance it was written on his."

"I have seen him look that way myself," declared Walter, "but I did not understand what it meant. I thought he was opposed to his daughter's marrying because he intended her for the stage."

"He did intend her for the stage, but he had other designs in regard to her also. After I left his office, I went into the theater and made certain inquiries. I ascertained that on the night of last December 15th Le Moyne was out of town. The agent at the branch station told me that when the passenger alighted from the train the night of December 15th, he was drawing on his gloves and he saw the flash of a diamond on his left hand." Walter gave a start. "Le Moyne wears a valuable diamond on his left hand, as you, no doubt, have observed."

"How do you propose bringing the murder home to him?" asked Walter, eagerly.

"If the station agent can identify him as the man he saw the night of December 5th, last, I shall arrest Le Moyne on suspicion," answered Jefferies. "The fellow's a moral coward; his nerves have gone back on him since he committed the murder. Confronted with his crime, I am strongly of the opinion that he will go all to pieces and make a confession. I know the type."

"He may be able to prove an alibi," suggested Walter, thinking of Farreri.

"I think not," declared the detective, grimly.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXONERATED.

Bruce Allan arrived in Denver a few days after his cousin and the detective. He was informed that Mr. Le Moyne had gone out of town for a few days. Bruce, desperately eager to fasten the guilt of the murder upon Walter Courtnay, was much disappointed at not finding Le Moyne. He decided to make a trip to Ramsay while awaiting the manager's return.

Allan remained for some days in Ramsay without making any further discovery. Then he returned to Denver. He had started to walk from the station to his hotel, when his attention was arrested by a newsboy crying:

"Extra! Arrest of Maurice Le Moyne, Manager of the Crescent Theater, for the Murder of His Stepdaughter!"

When brought face to face with Maurice Le Moyne, the station agent identified him as the man he had seen on the night of December 15th. Jefferies had not made a mistake in his sizing up of Le Moyne. The man collapsed the day after his arrest and made a full confession. He was desperately infatuated with his stepdaughter, and intensely jealous of any man who approached her as a lover. She believed him to be her father. Just what his intentions were in regard to the girl he did not state, but it was not difficult to surmise them.

He had received the girl's letter, and a few days later started for the cottage, taking the branch road so that his visit would not be known. He had no definite motive in seeking her. He found her alone, and at the sight of her, lovelier than ever, he lost his head. He told her that he was not her father. He confessed his mad love for her and pleaded with her to go away with him. She repulsed him with horror. He became frenzied. On a table was the dagger given to Helene by Farreri. Le Moyne caught it up and stabbed the girl to the heart. He then rushed away from the cottage taking the blood-stained dagger with him.

Maurice Le Moyne was tried and pronounced insane at the time the crime was committed. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. He killed himself when he had served but a year by severing an artery in his wrist.

The conditions of Andrew Courtnay's will were fufilled before the year had expired. The knowledge that the murdered girl was her half-sister had greatly shocked and saddened Ruth.

Upon coming into possession of his uncle's fortune, almost the first check Walter Courtnay wrote was for five thousand dollars made payable to James Jefferies.

Bruce Allan left Chesterton before the marriage of Ruth and his cousin. He settled in Baltimore and began the practice of his profession. He gave himself entirely to his work, and soon made a name for himself, becoming known as one of the cleverest criminal lawyers in the State. He married a wealthy woman whose money greatly helped to further his career, but he did not love her.

Andrew Courtnay had tried to find solace for his thwarted love and disappointed hopes in accumulating money. Bruce Allan sought it in ambition.

The End.

* * *

Out of Tune.

"I see by the newspapers your wife has applied for a divorce," said Scroggs.

"Well, the newspapers seem to have the facts," replied Savage.

"I didn't know you had any trouble in your household."

"There isn't any trouble to speak of. Mrs. Savage and I have the highest regard for each other and always will have. It was simply a case of incompatibility of temperament. She liked the things that I hated, and I hated the things she liked. That naturally led to occasional little scrimmages and so we concluded that we'd be happier apart.

"About a year ago I took a family surrey and harness on a debt and, once having such an outfit, we concluded that we ought to have some critter to haul it, so I went down to the market and bought a handsome mule. I came from Missouri, where mules are held in high esteem. The best citizens of Missouri are proud to ride behind mules. Well, sir, I took that animal home and hitched him to the surrey and then called my wife to the door and invited her to take a ride. She went up in the air, as you might say, and said she'd be found dead in a cornfield before she'd ride around behind a mule. So I had to take my ride alone and didn't enjoy it.

"Then what does that woman do but go downtown and buy a family horse. So there we had both a mule and a horse eating their heads off and my wife took her rides behind the horse and I took mine behind the mule and neither of us got any satisfaction out of it, each thinking the other was in the wrong.

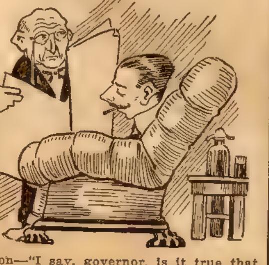
"Well, one night the horse and the mule got loose in the barn and kicked each other almost to death, so I had to hire a man to shoot them both, and there we were again, with a good family carriage and nothing to haul it. Things like that were always happening, and they kept us both under a sort of nervous strain that was highly uncomfortable.

"Some time ago, for instance, I bought a phonograph with a number of fine records and hoped to pass many delightful evenings listening to sweet music. I have a great fondness for sentimental songs—songs with feeling and pathos in them, and those records were of that description. Well, the first evening I wound up that machine and leaned back in my chair, prepared for a feast of reason and flow of soul. No sooner had the machine got down to business than my wife began raising objections. She hated such caterwauling music as that she said. She wanted something lively, something with snap and go to it. I tried to convince her that the music the machine was playing was the kind that lifted people to a higher plane, but she couldn't see it that way. I don't blame her or criticise her in the least. She has as much right to prefer band music as I have to prefer the songs that reach the heart.

"The next morning that remarkable woman went down to the store and ordered another phonograph with a lot of slap-bang-here-we-are-again band selections, loud enough to be heard in the next county. In the evening, when I put my phonograph into action playing 'Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,' she started up her opposition mill with one of the Sousa marches that fairly loosened the shingles on the roof. You never heard such discord as we had there. I felt it a matter of principle to go ahead and play all my song records, and she kept her rival mill going with band music. Finally a delegation of neighbors came to the door and threatened to resort to extreme measures unless we cut out the noise.

"It was that way all along the line. If I bought a dog, she would get a cat and the two critters would fill the house with fur and bloodshed. So we realized at last that our temperaments never would hitch, no matter how hard we tried to make them and we just naturally agreed on a divorce, with mutual esteem and congratulations all round."

* * *



Son—"I say, governor, is it true that marriage prolongs life?"

Pater—"Well, I've known ministers who would have starved to death if it wasn't for the wedding fees."

Factory Direct to Family
Yours on Approval
No Money Down
No Obligations
30 Days Free Trial
Gold Medal Winner
Automatic Lift
20 YEAR GUARANTEE
KING

Use this

"KING"

Right in Your OWN HOME for a

Whole Month's Trial FREE

I merely ask you to **borrow** it, you need sign no notes, nor pay one cent down. It must thoroughly **satisfy you,** or return it and I will pay the freight both ways, without question or argument. No charge for rental, wear and tear—no "catch" of any kind. If there were this publication would not permit us to insert this advertisement.

Absolutely the Best Machine Made

Experts as well as thousands of women have proclaimed **The KING Sewing Machine** "The Best Machine Made." I have spared no money, time or effort to perfect this machine in every possible detail and to present to women all over the world, direct from our factory to their homes positively the most modern, improved and satisfying sewing machine they can buy—**and at regular wholesale factory prices.** Formerly sold for as high as $65.00 you now

Save $35.00 to $45.00

After you have satisfied yourself how easily, smoothly, noiselessly it runs, have seen the exact perfection of its lock-stitch, tested all the numerous, unexcelled improvements it possesses, examined and tried all the practical features attachments of the **KING,** you will never be satisfied with any other make, at any price.

Most liberal trial offer ever heard of

I simply ask you to try the **KING** Sewing Machine at my expense. Here's my offer: send for my catalogue; read carefully all I claim for the **KING**; let me know which model you prefer and I will ship you the **KING Sewing Machine** with complete set of attachments and you can use and keep it for 30 days thorough trial. You don't pay a single cent or obligate yourself in any way whatever. You can have a full month's sewing free. I trust you entirely. My object is just to have you try a **KING**, I know once you've tried it you'll admit it's better than any other standard machine made.

Cash or Credit

MAKE YOUR OWN TERMS

If, after the 30 day's free trial, you are completely satisfied that the **KING Sewing Machine** is all I claim it to be, is handsomer, better made, easier to run, and does better work than any other machine you have ever known, (regardless of price), then make your own terms to cover as long a period as you desire. If you are not thoroughly convinced that the **King** is "the best sewing machine made" you need merely notify us and we'll send for its return, paying freight both ways.

Guaranteed 20 Years

If at any time in 20 years' service the machine shows the slightest defect **we will replace parts, a whole machine or refund your money.** Our half-million-dollar factory is pledged that this 20-year guarantee will be carried out to the letter. I further guarantee that no other family sewing machine can excel the **KING** in its marvelous, practical varieties of work and the perfect simplicity of its operation.

First Prize—Gold Medal

The **King** won the highest award Gold Medal at the last National Exposition in competion with all other standard, high-grade machines such as the Singer, New Home, Free, Davis, Standard, and other makes which cost as high as $75.00 and more. 10,000 KINGS were sold last year after the 30-day trial period. They are now our best advertisement. One KING sells another.

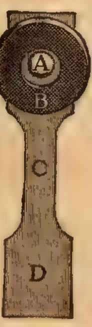
Write to-day for our 58-page Free Book sent with full particulars of the most liberal sewing machine offer ever heard of.

KING Sewing Machine Co. 803 Rano St. BUFFALO, N.Y.

Capital, $500,000.00 The only factory in the world selling high-grade sewing machines direct to user.

That Corn

Will Go for Good



It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

The pain ends instantly when you apply it. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. Nothing else known does what Blue-jay does.

That's why millions use it. You will never let corns disturb you when you find this out.

Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection—sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (152)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents Make Every Week $45 to $90 AND MORE

SELLING NEVER FAIL AUTOMATIC RAZOR SHARPENER

ALL OR SPARE TIME—Actual Experience Not Necessary—Sells On Sight—100% PROFIT AND MORE—Strike Out for Yourself—I've Got the Plan and the Goods and Will Grant You ALL THE TERRITORY YOU CAN HANDLE—WRITE TO-DAY and Get In on the Ground Floor of the Selling Proposition of the Day. A Positive Automatic Razor Sharpener—Absolutely Guaranteed.

THE ONLY MACHINE MADE THAT HONES AND STROPS ANY RAZOR—OLD STYLE OR SAFETY

In fact, the NEVER FAIL is the Only Successful Invention of its Kind on the Market. Developed to the Highest Degree of Efficiency. Highest Possible Grade of Materials and Construction. Roller Bearings—Remarkably Easy Runner. Accurate. Automatic to the Limit. A Keen, Velvety, Superb Shaving Edge EVERY TIME You Use the NEVER FAIL. You Can't Go Wrong on this STRAIGHT-FORWARD ON-THE-SQUARE Proposition.

$100 REWARD For any Razor—old style or safety—that can't be SHARPENED and KEPT IN BEST OF CONDITION on the NEVER FAIL, provided the blade doesn't need grinding.

It's the Unusual and Exceptional Opportunity of a Lifetime to MAKE MONEY—BIG MONEY—REAL MONEY. It's the Opportunity FOR YOU. Your Ability TO SELL I know Equals that of Benedict, Minn., who sold 450 machines during the past 3 mos.; profit $750 00. Geoghegan, Ky., cleaned up $150.00 monthly during April, May and June. Spare time only. Nicodemus, Pa., earned $47.00 during May and June. And there are also hundreds of others just as successful.

A minute's demonstration and SALE IS MADE.

It's a Winner! Act! Act NOW! All to gain, nothing to lose. GRAND FREE ADVERTISING SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PLAN Starts You.

SEND NO MONEY—Send name and address at once and get complete information, together with FREE TRIAL OFFER—Investigate. Address, SECRETARY

THE NEVER FAIL CO., 1467 Colton Bldg., Toledo, O.

AGENTS $3 a Day

NEW PATENTED AUTOMATIC CURRY COMB

Made of best cold rolled steel. Horsemen delighted. Takes just half the time to clean a horse. Keeps the teeth always clean; no clogging with hair and dirt. A. B. Pett says: "It's a dandy. Sold 14 last night to my neighbors." Easy seller. Big profits. Going fast. Write quick. Free sample to workers.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 8717 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

HOW TO GET BETTER LIGHT From KEROSENE (Coal Oil)

Tests by Prof. Rogers, Lewis Institute, Chicago, on leading oil-burning lamps show the Aladdin Mantle Lamp is the most economical and gives over twice as much light as the Rayo and other lamps tested. It is odorless, safe, clean, noiseless. Guaranteed. Better light than gas or electric. To introduce the Aladdin we'll send a sample lamp on 10 Days TRIAL

AGENTS WANTED Ask for Particulars

Experience unnecessary. Every home needs this lamp. One agent sold over 1000 on money back guarantee, not one returned. Another sold $800 worth in 15 days. Evenings made profitable. Ask for agents prices and trial offer.

MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 371 Aladdin Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

Are You Interested In

pleasant, permanent and profitable agency work? We offer a position as exclusive distributing salesman either all or spare time for the Automatic Combination Tool, a Fence Builders Device, Post Puller, Lifting and Pulling Jack, Wire Stretcher, Wrench, etc. Used by Contractors, Teamsters, Farmers, Factories and others. Weighs 24 lbs., lifts or pulls 3 tons. Write for offer and county desired.

AUTOMATIC JACK CO., Box 52, Bloomfield, Ind.

SOMETHING NEW! MOCKING BIRD WHISTLE!! Sounds exactly like the Bird. Every Boy and Girl wants one. Lots of fun. Sent by mail postpaid for 10c. You do not blow it; you swing it. Liberal discount to Agents. American Whistle Co., 507A Board of Trade, Norfolk, Va.

AGENTS Sell Japanese MEERSCHAUM LODGE and CAMPAIGN PIPES, elegant smoker. Sample and selling plan 10c postage. JAPANESE NOVELTY CO., Clinton, Iowa

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days' credit. *Samples and catalog free.* Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 5016, 1027 W. Adams St. Chicago

FREE. Sell 10 fancy drawn handkerchiefs at 10c each, send us the $1 and we will mail you 2 beautiful Solid Gold Plated Rings, guaranteed 10 years. INOLA CO., 1, CHICAGO

BIG MAIL FREE!

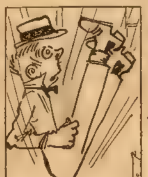
POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENTS' DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agents' Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agents' Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

A Wage Slave.



Olaf Larson, working in a millinery warehouse, backed into an elevator shaft and fell down five stories with a load of boxes. Horror-stricken, the other employes rushed down the stairs, only to find him picking himself unharmed out of the rubbish.

"Ess de boss mad?" he whispered cautiously. "Tal' 'em Ay had to come down for nails anyway."

Quite a Difference.

President Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation, was discussing an interview with a conferee.

"My friend was misquoted," he said, "innocently misquoted, but the misquotation, all the same, changed the whole meaning of his argument.

"It reminds me of an odd typographical error. George Brown was to marry Mary Jones, and the local paper, in announcing the marriage, said:

"'George and Mary have been chums from childhood.'

"But the compositor made the statement read:

"'George and Mary have been chumps from childhood.'"

The Alternative.

The grade teacher had just finished a warm plea for kindness to dumb animals in general, and to cats in particular.

"Now, children," she asked, "what can we do to prevent the poor cats from getting their heads stuck in tin cans?"

An earnest-faced youngster, who looked as though he might have a solution ready, was waving his hand.

"All right, Jimmy, let's hear your solution."

"Tie the cans to the dogs' tails."

His Composition.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, after she had explained the meaning of the word, "I wish you would write a sentence containing the word defeat."

After a struggle, which lasted for about twenty minutes, Johnny announced that he was ready to be heard.

"Please read your composition," the teacher directed.

"When you git shoes dat's too tite," Johnny read, "it's hard on de feet."

A Prudent Husband.

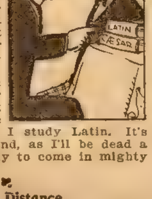
Mrs. Greig—"What are you burning, my dear?"

Mr. Greig—"The letters I wrote you before we were married?"

Mrs. Greig—"You heartless wretch! Have you no sentiment, no——"

Mr. Greig—"Please be quiet. I'm doing this for your sake. I'm trying to fix things so that if I die nobody can dispute my will on the ground of insanity."

A Useful Language.



A Brooklyn man, confined to his home by illness, recently surprised a visitor by revealing that he was studying Latin.

"Why," asked his visitor, "do you bother about Latin. That's a dead language. If you must study, why not take up German, or French, or Spanish?"

The sick man smiled. "My doctor says I have not long to live," he said. "That's why I study Latin. It's a dead language, and, as I'll be dead a long time, it's likely to come in mighty handy."

Going a Distance.

"His doctor recommended warm baths."

"So?"

"Yes; and he's going to Europe to take them."

"He was always that way. Even as a boy he would put off taking baths as long as possible."

AGENTS WANTED

LADIES FREE EQUIPMENT, and full instructions with Jean de Astro's $1 Astrology Book. Ladies make $10 to $25 weekly forming Astrology Clubs; sparetime; experience unnecessary. Everything furnished free. JEAN DE ASTRO, 133 East 125 St., N. Y. City

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for three free books; inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D.C.

The Value of Prayer.

"Grandma."

"Yes, Marjorie."

"You know, I just believe a whole lot in prayer."

"Why, I am glad to hear it; that's a good little girl."

"Yes, I prayed the other day that auntie wouldn't be cross with me for breaking her little hand mirror."

"And was she?"

"No. She thought it was Uncle John who broke it, and I didn't tell her any better."

Mother Was Puzzled.

A man who has an office downtown called his wife by telephone one morning, and during the conversation asked what the baby was doing.

"She is crying her eyes out," replied the mother.

"What about?"

"I don't know whether it is because she has eaten too many strawberries or because she wants more," replied the discouraged mother

A Tender Spouse.

Wife—"Here comes a friend of mine. Let's turn into this side street until she passes."

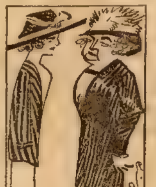
Husband—"Quarreled with her?"

"No, but I don't want you to see her."

"H'm! Why not?"

"I know you'll admire that new dress of hers, and it will only worry you to think what a ridiculous fuss you made over the bills for this cheap thing I've got on."

A Sample.



"My dear girl," exclaimed an elderly lady, "do you know that the man you are intending to marry drinks heavily and gambles?"

"Yes, I know; I am going to marry him to reform him."

"Listen to me, my girl. Try one experiment before you do that."

"What experiment?"

"Take in a—week's washing to do and see how you like it."

Who He Was.

The court was having trouble getting a satisfactory jury.

"Is there any reason why you could not pass impartially on the evidence for and against the prisoner?" asked the judge of a prospective juror.

"Yes," was the reply; "the very looks of that man makes me think he is guilty."

"Why, man," exclaimed the judge, "that's the prosecuting attorney!"

Reversible Windows.

"Why, Bridget, you surely don't consider these windows washed?" said the lady of the house, reproachfully.

"Sure, I washed 'em nicely on the inside, mum, so we can look out," replied Bridget; "but I intentionally lift thim a little dirty on the outside so thim ignorant Jones children nixt door couldn't look in."

Modern Farm Implements.

The city nephew was showing his country uncle the town from a seat in the open-air street car.

"You don't often get a chance to ride on a street car, uncle," said nephew.

"No," said uncle; "I don't believe I've rid on a street car since we got our new motor car."

Not So Difficult.

"How did he manage to escape from the penitentiary? I thought it was well-nigh impossible."

"Well, he figured it out on scientific lines. Somebody smuggled him a pair of trunks, and after he got outside everybody thought he was running a marathon."

Proof.

"Hello! Is this the police station?"

"Yes. Whatje want?"

"A couple of suffragettes are throwing stones at my windows."

"How do you know they are throwing stones at your windows?"

"Because they have hit everything else in the neighborhood."

Getting Off Too Easy.

Adam in the Garden of Eden, had just named the animals.

"A pretty big job," he announced, "but just think of the fellow who will have to name all the diseases!"

Herewith he pitied his posterity.—Puck.

Hobble Skirts.

"Kids are no longer bashful. Modern youngsters never try to hide behind their mother's skirts."

"Perhaps it's just as well. Their mothers haven't skirts enough to hide behind these days."

AGENTS WANTED

IRON WITHOUT A FIRE

New, easy, pleasant way. Mrs. Larkins, Mich. writes, "Have ironed 6 years with perfect satisfaction." Mrs. Timm, O. says, "Couldn't think of ironing without it."

Improved Monitor Sad Iron

Self-Heating. Not Sold in Stores.

Strong, light, handsome—durable. Easy to operate; heat regulated instantly; no dirt—no odor.

WANTED—AGENTS, SALESMEN, MANAGERS. $10. to $20.00 a day. No experience required. Sells almost on sight. Martin, Tenn., cleared over $5,000 in 1 yr. Trimmer, Ill., writes. "Sold 12 in 10 hours." Mrs. Nixon, Vt., made $14.00 in half day. Send for big, colored circular, full size and interior view of iron. Exclusive selling rights—no charge for territory.

Monitor Sad Iron Co.
52 Wayne St. Big Prairie, O.

BOOK AGENTS Let us mail you free this sample-case outfit; Christmas books, Bibles. Write at once. Postal will do. Don't delay. 50 per cent.; cash prizes; freight pd; credit given.

International Bible House, Dept. L, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS $8 a Day

Should be easily made selling Concentrated Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors, Perfumes and Toilet Preparations. Over 60 kinds, put up in collapsible tubes. Ten times the strength of bottle extracts. Every home in city or country is a possible customer. Entirely new. Quick sellers. Good repeaters. Not sold in stores. No competition. 100 per cent. profit to agents. Elegant sample case for workers. Start now while it's new. Write today—a post card will do—for full particulars FREE

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO., 5122 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS!

Become partners in our business through our profit-sharing plan. Sell "Brandt's Automatic Stropper." It hones and sharpens your razor better than an expert barber. Works automatically for old-style razors and safety blades. Anyone can use it. Guaranteed for life. Our profit sharing plan and our premiums make this the greatest agency proposition. Write quick for prices and territory. A. T. Brandt Mfg Co., 42 Hudson St., New York

AGENTS! AMAZING INVENTION

RADIOLITE

Entirely new kind lamp burner, generates gas, makes extremely large powerful white light. Sells everywhere. Nothing like it. Exclusive territory contracts granted. Not sold in stores. Agents making big money. Experience unnecessary. Sample outfit 35c postpaid. Particulars FREE.

Smokeless Odorless

THE RADIOLITE CO., 1504 Spitzer Bldg., TOLEDO, OHIO

$30 a WEEK To Steady Workers selling our famous combinations of soap and toilet articles that go like hot cakes. 150% profit to agents. One man sold 1,600 in a town of 8,000. H. R. Anderson made $1,671 in one month. No man working 8 hours a day makes less than $30.00 a week. No experience necessary. Secure territory at once. Send us your name and address today, for complete information FREE.

E. M. Davis Soap Co., 818 Davis Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BETTER LIGHT

from your kerosene (coal oil) lamps and lanterns than from electricity or gas. Our great WHITE FLAME BURNER fits any common lamp and gives a soft white light equal to three ordinary lamps. NO MANTLE TO BREAK. Nothing to get out of order. Safe and Reliable. Delights every user.

AGENTS make $5 to $15 daily. Everybody wants them. Write quick for particulars and territory. Beware of imitations. Complete sample postpaid 35 cts., stamps or coin, 3 for $1. Money back if not satisfactory

White Flame Light Co. 11 Clark Blk., Grand Rapids, Mich.

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS

Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff; stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for samples

PROF. LONG, 2201 Locust St., Box B, St. Louis, Mo.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis Mo.

BOTTLE CLOTHES SPRINKLER

AGENTS WANTED Make $3 to $5 a day. Send 15 cents for sample and large catalog 500 articles. Richardson Mfg. Co., Dept. 7, Bath, N.Y

MANUFACTURER of popular brand linen heel and toe guaranteed hosiery wants agents to sell direct to consumers. Pechman earned $136.20 in five days. Exclusive territory. Credit. Send for particulars. G. PARKER MILLS, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS just coin money selling New Improved hosiery direct from mill with our big advertising offer; you can make $25 daily; everybody buys; credit; samples in leatherette case, free. New Improved Knitting Mills, Dept. M, Chicago

AGENTS Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods, Carleton made $8 one afternoon. Mrs. Bosworth $25 in 2 days $10 a day FREE SAMPLES. Credit. Stamp brings particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

STATE or county agents for a new style vacuum cleaner; low in price; sells on sight; big profits. HOME VACUUM CLEANER CO., 1926 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILLS.

That Stiger's Camp Raffle

(Continued from page four.)

breakfast, and, looking as usual in the box-bed, found it empty.

He'd hardly let out his whoop when Radford was at his side, where the box set near the stove for extra warmth. And sure enough the crib was robbed. Pat had vanished with the abruptness of his first appearance, and only a missing quilt showed that he'd been protected from the cold. By that time we were all turning out—except one. Tony Reda's bunk was empty.

Right away there was a hubbub of voices shouting this and that. Nobody could get in a word of sense edgeways so I didn't try. But I see Dore flinging on his clothes, even to cap and coat, then springing out the bunk-house door barnward. When the teamsters finally disentangled themselves from the general excitement and went out to feed their horses, they found that Dore had mounted Pete, the big black, and was off on the trail of Pete's mate, Gipsy, taken from the stall by Tony in the night.

Say, when Long Jim called us for grub, you'd a thought we was invited to a funeral supper. Nobody had much appetite, and the remarks was all about the abduction of Pat. Right after breakfast Stiger ordered the supply team to drive out to town for provisions, with Mike Scanlon in charge. We didn't exactly need to stock up the commissary department but it was Stiger's way of aiding Dore, and at the same time relieving the anxiety of the boys about Pat. There was only one road to town, and only one get-at-able village, so we knew that sooner or later Mike would know the result of Dore's pursuit and fetch us the report.

Mike was gone all that day and the next, and if anybody worked they did it just like wooden images. Neither could any one relish vittles which oughta made Long Jim grateful; but, instead o' looking pleased he acted indignant about our being squeamish. Said if we didn't like his cooking we might starve for all o' him, and that he didn't care how soon. Then, just supper time the second day, when we'd all got so cantankerous the bunk-room air was blue, Mike came driving up to the back door of the cookhouse. In less than a second he looked like a queen bee inside of a buzzing swarm, with everybody asking questions and none listening. His big red face had a queer expression, half mad and half grinning, and we could see his mouth work, trying to talk above the uproar. Then he flapped his arms up and down and shouted:

"Shut up, can't you? Oh, shut up!"

We did. Immediately Mike's voice sounded unearthly loud in the sudden stillness, and he was saying:

"There's a woman at the bottom o' it, like there was in Eden. I've got the hull yarn from Tony himself, who was drinking whisky at Madigan's and had surplus cash. Seems, according to him, Dore married a yellow-headed doll of a woman named Alice McDermott, who left him and went home to 'Pa and Ma, especially Ma. Seems they was dead set ag'in' the wedding, and made trouble till they induced Alice to skip with her infant and turn her back on the man who wasn't good enough for the McDermotts. But when they see she couldn't give her mind to nothing but her child, they hit on the scheme of taking the young one from her, and sending it to its dad here at the camp, where they knew he'd got a job. Thought they'd wean her away from it, like you'd take a calf from the bossy, but it didn't work. The yellow-headed mother girl got sick grieving for the young one, and her Pa was obliged to hire Tony to steal the youngster back."

There was the story of Dore's troubles in a nutshell. He was Pat's own as well as raffled parent. If there'd been a note along explaining, Tony musta lost it, for he hadn't a suspicion of the fact until he caught up with the Italian and snatched both Pat and the truth away from him. Of course, when he heard from the hired kidnaper that his wife was sick with anxiety about their little one, he caught the first train to the Dominion, never waiting to arrest Tony Reda, the go-between.

Spring freshets floated us and the logs downstream to the town where we had summer employment at the sawmill before Pat next burst on our astonished vision. He and Dore and a lady were waiting for us on the river bank as we poled the last rods of our trip, and shoved the head raft to shore. Pat had shed his flour sacks and was tricked out in a swell outfit of blue kilts, with a shiny belt around his middle 'stead of a string, and the rest to match. By him was a slim little creature all in white, with hair like—oh, you know; anything sunny and fluffy and very yellow—and her smiling eyes looked blue as bits of the sky in a pretty face that was fairly radiant like a morning in June after sunup. As for Dore he looked like he owned the earth and all its trimmings.

"Boys," says he, smiling like he'd never done anything but smile all his life. "I want to introduce you to my wife, Pat's mother. We're living across the town in that big white cottage. You know I'm to be yard boss at the mill."

"And you're to come often and see

Overland 1913

$985

Model "69 T" **Completely Equipped**

Self Starter
30 Horsepower
5-Passenger Touring Car
110-inch Wheel Base
Timken Bearings
Center Control
Warner Speedometer
Remy Magneto
Prestolite Tank
Mohair Top and Boot
Clear Vision Wind Shield

In 24 Hours the Demand for This Car Was Greater Than Our Annual Supply

AND yet we are shipping better than 150 cars a day. Think of it! Nearly 1000 cars a week, and still the public refused to be satisfied. We could ship 500 cars a day and at that we could not wipe out our immediate orders. But 150 a day is the very best we can do just now. That is our present production limit. Later on when our new factories are swung into working operation we can improve this condition; for this season we will make 40,000 Overlands, which nearly doubles our production of the season that just closed.

We announced this car to the general public the latter part of last month. The instantaneous effect took our breath away. Inside of twenty-four hours we heard from practically every corner of the globe. It seemed to jar the entire automobile universe. Cables from abroad were almost as thick as American telegrams. Distributors, dealers and the appreciative motor buying public alike, telephoned, wired, wrote and traveled from every direction. Our headquarters in Toledo were swamped with requests, demands and threats. Everybody wanted a Model 69 at the same time. Nothing could curb the demand. We simply had to close our doors and ears to the riot and allot the cars as best we could.

This car took the country by storm. The very fact that a car of this size and power, a car of this magnificence, strength and comfort, a car so fully equipped with the very best of everything, could be had for $985 was beyond belief.

Everyone said "Why that car is identical with lots of $1,200 and $1,500 cars I have seen. And so it is.

The self-starter, big wheel base, powerful motor; rugged rear system, the unusually large brakes, the beautiful finish, rich upholstery, and the complete equipment, which includes practically everything made for an automobile, are specifications that square up with cars that cost twenty and thirty per cent more money. These specifications are all $1200 specifications.

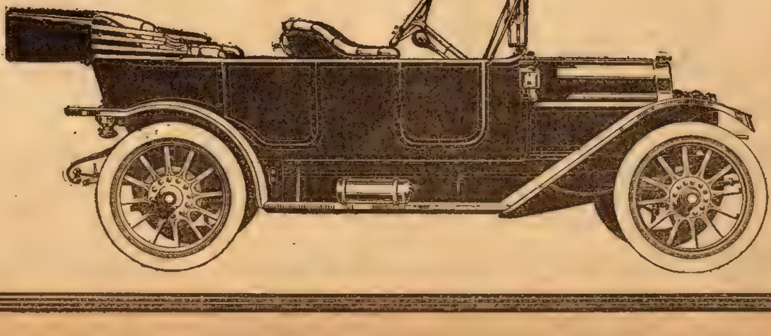
Then there is the cold rolled pressed steel frame, the selective transmission—three speeds forward and reverse, fitted with annular bearings; the well known Remy magneto; the I section drop forged front axle which is forged in one heat and is fitted with the famous Timken bearings; the three quarter floating rear axle fitted with Hyatt bearings. This car is finished in that superb Overland blue with gray wheels, trimmed in black and nickel plate, making a most striking and stylish car of a rich design. You cannot duplicate this car from any other maker for less than $1200 and some want $1500.

We have but one suggestion to make. Get your "69" order in early. Don't delay, put off or stall. Just get busy. If you want to enjoy your automobile this fall you will have to step pretty lively. "First come first served," is an old expression but it fits. The demand right now is treble the supply. We never in the wide world will be able to catch up with the orders, so if you want one of these world's record cars, act quick.

Get in touch with our dealer in your locality. If you cannot find him, wire us. There are over 2000 of them delivering these cars right and left just as fast as we can ship them. Don't you get left.

Write us for a catalogue describing this model—the car that broke all preceding automobile values. Please ask for Book K 99.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879

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By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500 Dearborn Avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1 00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $2.25 per Agate Line, per insertion for advertisements in the The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,000,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

And a miss is often good for a smile.

Anyway, the fool is never stingy with his folly.

It takes a man with lots of nerve to call a woman's bluff.

People who live in clean houses shouldn't throw mud.

A man seldom generates any steam with the money he burns.

The average man would rather be called down than shown up.

People who are thrifty are apt to get a reputation for being stingy.

Many a man who is long on prayer is short on weights and measures.

Much of man's interest in woman is due to his inability to understand her.

A wise man listens when his wife talks—at least, he listens for the last word.

Many a good woman prays for her husband, but she keeps an eye on him just the same.

The so-called blushing bride usually has a red face from drying her complexion on new towels.

Many a man is so unlucky that if he ever got a place on the ladder of fame the rungs would break.

The minute a man begins to believe that things might have been worse he enters the optimist class.

The world doesn't want to hear your troubles unless you can tell them so they will make it laugh.

It's all right to love your neighbor—but don't invest in the questionable mining stocks he wants to sell.

After a man has been compelled to eat his words and swallows his pride, he hasn't much appetite for anything else.

A man has reached the limit of popularity when he can induce people to listen with rapt attention to his talk about himself.

Sometimes a woman enjoys having her husband stay away from church on Sunday so she can throw it up to him all the rest of the week.

The young fellow who says he's willing to die for the girl he loves usually postpones it indefinitely because he's afraid she could never replace the loss.

If it had been the return of the prodigal daughter instead of the prodigal son she would have brought a son-in-law home with her to live upon the old [illegible] savings.

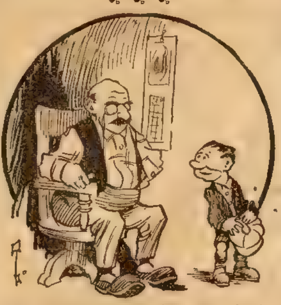
(Continued from page seventeen.)

us," said she, in a voice sweet as a bird's. "Come and see us and babe," said she; "only his name isn't Pat. It's Eugene Dore."

Ever hear lumberjacks cheer? If you didn't, you hain't no idea of that forty-throated welcome we give Dore Radford and his newly recovered wife. But Pat Eugene Dore looked us over like something was missing, something gone he expected to see. Then suddenly he spied it, and come racing down the bank into Long Jim's arms

"Daddy Jim!" he shrieked. "Pat's Daddy Jim!"

* * *



The Boss (to departing office boy)—"What kind of recommend do you want, Jimmy?"

Jimmy—"Just say dat for baseball dope I was a human score board."

* * *

The Lovers' Quarrel.

Thomas W. Lawson, who has announced his candidacy for the United States Senate on a "high-cost-of-living" platform, said the other day, in Boston:

"We can shatter the trusts and combinations that keep food prices up if we go about it resolutely; for these organizations are not nearly so united and harmonious among themselves as they pretend.

"Their ranks are riddled, as a matter of fact, by internal squabbles; though like Korter, they put the best face possible on the matter.

"Korter, you know, turned up at the office one morning with a black eye and a missing front tooth.

"'Just a lovers' quarrel,' he explained airily, to his brother clerks—'a lovers' quarrel, that's all.'

"'But Korter,' cried the bookkeeper, 'you don't mean to tell me that dainty Marie Lanigan did all that to you?'

"'No,' Korter admitted; 'it was her other lover.'"

* * *

Took the Hint.

A minister had traveled some distance to preach, and at the conclusion of the morning service waited for some one to invite him to dine; but the congregation dispersed without noticing him. When the house was nearly empty the minister stepped up to a gentleman and said: "Brother, will you go home to dinner with me today?"

"Where do you live?"

"About eighteen miles from here."

"No; but you must dine with me," answered the gentleman, with a flushed face, which invitation the clergyman gravely accepted.

* * *

DIABETES

A Simple Herb Quickly Cures This Dread Disease To Stay Cured.

Diabetes has heretofore been considered incurable, and the only hope held out to the afflicted has been to prolong their years by strict dieting

A plant recently discovered in Mexico, called Diabetol Herb, has been found to be a specific in the treatment of diabetes, quickly reducing the specific gravity and sugar, restoring vigor and building up the system.

This harmless vegetable remedy will relieve the patient of his worst symptoms, in the most aggravated cases, within a week, and to prove it we will mail the first 50c package for 25c, with free booklet of special value to the diabetic, containing latest diet list and exclusive table of food values, giving percentage of starch and sugar (carbohydrates) in 250 different foods

Tell your afflicted friends of this offer and send 25c today for a full-sized 50c package: AMES CHEMICAL CO., Box 12 J, Whitney Point, N. Y.

* * *

EVERY PRETTY WOMAN

whose comeliness of face, neck or arms is marred by a growth of hair or fuzz, should try Delatone. With water this harmless powder is made into a paste and spread on the hairy surface. When rubbed off after a few minutes, the hair has vanished and skin remains uninjured. Delatone is a scientific preparation—safe, sure and speedy—now used by thousands and highly recommended by Mrs. Mae Martyn, the eminent authority on "Beauty." If your druggist cannot supply you with Delatone; a one-ounce jar will be mailed you upon receipt of $1, by Sheffield Pharmacal Co., 3255 Sheffield Ave., Dept. M, Chicago.

* * *

$5 WHISKEY FOR ONLY 12C.

Because of a fight which the Mail Order Whiskey Trust is making on him, M. Marcel of 930 Marcel Blk., Kansas City, Mo., has published a book in which he prints the trade formula of the Trust and exposes its secrets, showing that the whiskey they sell for from $3 to $5 per gallon costs only 10c to 12c to make. He sends the book free to all who write for it.

* * *

Government Positions Vacant.

All interested should write to Franklin Institute, Dept. F 79, Rochester, N. Y., for free list of Government positions open.

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

AGENTS WANTED

STARK BRO'S, Louisiana, Mo., Big Idea in tree selling. Best terms known to nursery world. Box 80.

350% Profit selling Gordon Photo Pillow Tops. High Grade Work. Samples and catalogue Free. Luther Gordon Co., Northwestern Bldg., Chicago.

PORTRAITS—Photo pillow tops, photo china plates, frames, sheet pictures, etc., at prices below the lowest and guaranteed. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; 30 days' credit, catalogue and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk M. 8, Chicago.

$7.00 per 100, in cash; for collecting names and addresses everywhere; send stamp for Free proposition; name territory wanted. United Advertising Co., Dep't A, La Grange, Texas.

A TWO Minute Demonstration Makes Every Call a Sale, with large profits. Positively biggest agent's bonanza out. Free sample and particulars, G. V. Sales Co., 15 Spruce st., New York.

AGENTS—The "Nu-Pantz" Creaser creases trousers, sleeves, removes wrinkles, etc. Aluminum, self-heating outfit, $3.50, worth $25.00 year, adds $100.00 to appearance. Nets $1.25 per sale, hustlers sell five in half day. Ask for "Nu-Pantz Salesmanship," free to agents. Address Racine Creaser Co., 39th st., Racine, Wis.

$$ A hint to the wise is sufficient$$ Write C. C. Meeker, Cleburne, Texas.

AGENTS—Sell Perfection Guaranteed Hosiery a steady money maker the year around. We pay transportation on all orders. Investigate. Dep't K, The Perfection Hosiery Mills, 1218 Allegheny ave., Phila., Pa.

POST CARDS—Dealers—90c per 1,000 up. All Kinds. Write for Special List. Gross Onard Co., 2149 Arthur ave., New York.

AGENTS on salary or commission. The greatest agent's seller ever produced; every user of pen and ink buys it on sight; 200 to 500 per cent profit; one agent's sales amounted to $620 in six days; another $32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co., X., 96 La Crosse, Wis.

HELP WANTED

YOUNG man, would you accept and wear a fine tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Or a Slip-on Raincoat Free? Could you use $5 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps we can offer you a steady job? Write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dep't. 806, Chicago.

I WILL Start You earning $4 daily at home in spare time, silvering mirrors; no capital, free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dep't 400, Boston, Mass.

SECRET Service Wants Men. Make Thousands of Dollars Yearly. Experience Unnecessary. 10c brings Plans. Address: Secret Service, Martinsville, Va.

WANTED—Men to learn to distribute circulars samples, etc. Good Pay. United States School of Distributing, Box 462, Pittsburgh, Pa., Dep't 5.

BE EXPERT detective and investigator. Many waiting positions at Big Pay. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dep't 661 D, Chicago.

NOTE—If you clear less than $100.00 per month you're a loser. Write to me. L. A. Brautley, B 4, Palmetto, Fla.

MEN and Women wanted for Government jobs. $80.00 month. Write for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dep't F 31, Rochester. N. Y.

GOVERNMENT Post Office Examinations everywhere soon. Get prepared by former U. S. Civil Service Examiner. Write for Booklet B. Patterson Civil Service School. Rochester, N. Y

WANTED—Active man in each locality. $50 to $150 a month. Introduce us to your friends. No experience needed. Spare time. Sick, accident and death benefits. Free-Insurance and Cash-Bonus offer sent first applicant from each place. Write the I-L-U 939, Covington, Ky.

LEARN the Barber Trade. Few weeks completes. We control many excellent positions. Tools given. Branches in all leading cities. For information regarding any one, write Dept. 10, Moler College, 738 South Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill

FREE Illustrated Book tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet, A 1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

SOUND men, 20 to 40 years old, wanted at once in every State for Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors; $60 to $100 month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Mgr. Z., 552 Dwight Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

WANTED—Immediately, men and women for Government Positions. Fall Examinations everywhere. Prepare now. Trial Examination Free. Write, Ozment, K, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT Farmers wanted. $60.00 monthly. Examination Oct. 16. Many needed. Write, Ozment, 68 F., St. Louis, Mo.

LEARN to write advertisements—Earn $25 to $100 weekly. We can positively show you by mail how to increase your salary. Prospectus free. Page-Davis Co., Dept 77, Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS Make Big Money and become sales managers for our goods. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and sample free. One Dip Pen Company, Dep't 15, Baltimore, Md

OF INTEREST TO MEN

MEN to introduce our new guaranteed safety razor we will send you one complete for 50c. Williams Company, 721 Dearborn ave., Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES can make shields at home; $10 per 100; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

MAKE a comfortable living at home sewing plain seams. Any ordinary sewing machine. All home work. No canvassing. Steady. Sewers wanted in each town. No triflers reply. State how much time can sew. Send ten cents for postage, samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Company, New York Jobbers Sewing, "BL" Dept., Rehoboth, Delaware.

FARMS FOR SALE

FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, sub-divided into 2 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5-acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000. Adjoining land held at $200 per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ¼ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash. Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dulmage, Morgan Park, Illinois.

POSTCARDS

25 PRESIDENTIAL Booster Post Cards of your favorite candidate in colors, 25 cents. Dutton Bros., Lyons, Nebraska.

JOIN "The Oxford Postcard Exchange" and receive cards from faraway lands. Membership, 10c. Fred'k Keniston, Publisher, South Paris, Maine.

HEALTH AND MEDICAL

TOBACCO Habit Cured in 3 days. Trial package free. Can be given secretly. George S. Stickle, Lake Mills, Wis

WANTED—To send free handsomely illustrated magazine, to all sick people, telling how 100,000 have been restored to health without drugs or knife. Address, Temple of Health, 1119 B, Washington st., Kansas City, Mo.

PATENTS

THE Patentome is interesting and instructive. A liberal education in patents and how to get them. Free on request. Established 1865. Anderson & Son, Patent Solicitors, 713 G st., Washington, D. C

PROTECTIVE Patents procured promptly. Our books telling how to obtain and realize therefrom sent on request. Write today Trade Marks Registered. Beeler & Robb, 248-252 Southern Bldg., Washington, D C.

PATENTS That Protect—Patent your ideas; they may bring you wealth; 64 page book free. Fitz Gerald & Co., Dept. W, Washington, D. C

MUSICAL

SONG Poems Wanted—Publication secured. Satisfaction guaranteed. D. E. Stoeckel, Mus. Bac., East Alton, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

KEYLESS Door Locks—attached without tools. Fifty cent nickel-plated sample, mail 25c. Hoosier Novelty Co., Indianapolis, Indiana.

BROTHER accidentally discovered root will cure both tobacco habit and indigestion; glady send particulars. R. O. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

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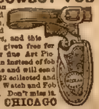

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Our Boys' Corner

Boy Scout Adventures

Or, Lost in the Everglades

By St. George Rathborne

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Begun in No. 36, Sept. 7. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

TRAINING OF A BOY SCOUT.

THE Michigan boy was accustomed to the open woods. Up around his Northern home he had made a practice of roaming through the great pine forests whenever the opportunity arose. Besides, ever since this new movement among the boys had been started, Amos was in for it heart and soul.

To him there was a peculiar fascination about studying the secret ways of the many little woods folks. He was never so happy as spending his holidays prying into these things, observing for instance, just how the squirrel gathered his store of nuts for the winter, where he built his snug nest, how deftly he knew how to keep the trunk of a tree between himself and danger, and with what freedom he became friends when assured that the intruder in his haunts meant him no injury. And it was in this spirit that Amos had come down here to the wonderful Florida country, determined to learn a thousand things about Nature that he had never known before.

Toll he would take of the edible game, for he was a sportsman as well as a true Boy Scout; but this would be done only in the proper manner. Such a hunter would utterly refuse to shoot a rabbit sitting, even though he paid the penalty for his convictions in going hungry afterward.

And when he started away that afternoon from the little camp on the singular ridge known as the backbone of the Everglades, he never once suspected what a strange adventure lay before him. There was no particular reason why he turned his head toward the south rather than in the other direction. He simply yielded to a whim, though perhaps something in the looks of the country may have insensibly appealed to him as being more apt to yield game. Walking along quietly, on the alert for a chance to get a shot at a deer, he left the fire and his chum far behind.

As a rule the obstructions were few, and easily passed around. Palmetto trees grew all about him, and of course the saw palmetto covered much of the ground between, forming in places a dense hedge, with the queer roots protruding from the soil. Bluejays screamed overhead, crows flew from tree to tree, coming from some feeding ground at the water's edge, and occasionally a squirrel frisked out of sight, to observe him curiously from some hamak live-oak tree. At another time possibly Amos might have taken it upon himself to secure a mess of these fox squirrels; but the sight of that jumping deer had given him high notions, and somehow he could not bring himself down to small fry just yet.

When he had been walking some twelve or fifteen minutes he chanced to reach an open spot. Here he drew up, wondering whether it would pay him to go farther. It was just by the merest accident that his roving eye caught sight of something that gave him a start. Over the tops of the trees inland he saw a column of smoke rising; and when the Florida pine wood is burned it certainly gives out the blackest kind of smoke, being full of resin. Undoubtedly there must be a camp of some sort near by. The idea interested him immediately, and he was strongly tempted to investigate.

"Plume hunters or Seminoles, which? Alligators are too scarce in this region to pay men for hunting them. Farther down near the coast, among the cypress swamps and among the mangrove islands, there are plenty of the big lizards, but not here. I just wonder who on earth made that fire."

Amos had the usual amount of curiosity in his composition. Something within, possibly his streak of caution, warned him that it might be dangerous to meddle with what did not concern him, but he quickly smothered this feeling.

"I'll have a go at it, anyhow," he muttered, as he started off. "Dolph may be a little anxious; but I'll get back before the supper is spoiled."

And so he started, having first, like a true woodsman, taken his bearings, and fully located the direction of the smoke. It had looked close at hand, but in the haze of the evening distance must have been rather deceptive, for he kept going farther and farther away from the shore, and still the rising column lay ahead

Still, once having started, Amos just could not turn back. That old stubborn streak got its work in again, and he kept pushing on, even when the twilight began to gather around him. But now he had caught a glimpse of the fire itself, some little distance away, the woods being so open that he could readily see. Thus encouraged, he continued to advance.

All Boy Scouts who have a love for their calling never lose an opportunity to bring into play some of the things they have learned. So with Amos—in some of their games when in camp it had become necessary for him to creep up noiselessly close to the fire of a pretended enemy, without betraying his presence, and his success in that line proved of great benefit just now.

Almost unconsciously he began to notice where he set his feet, lest he snap the dry and brittle stem of a dead palmetto leaf, and in this way betray his presence. And so, too, he dodged from tree to tree, as well as from one bunch of saw palmetto brush to another, all the while advancing. If any one had asked Amos just why he did this, possibly he might have found difficulty in answering. Certainly, as yet, the thought could hardly have entered his mind that he would find enemies camped here. It simply pleased him to bring his acquired knowledge into play, and prove that his study in the line of scouting had not been wasted.

Now he began to see figures near the fire. At any rate, they did not seem to be Indians, for they wore the garments of the whites, and had hats on their heads, rather than the singular pancake-like scarf, wound around after the man-

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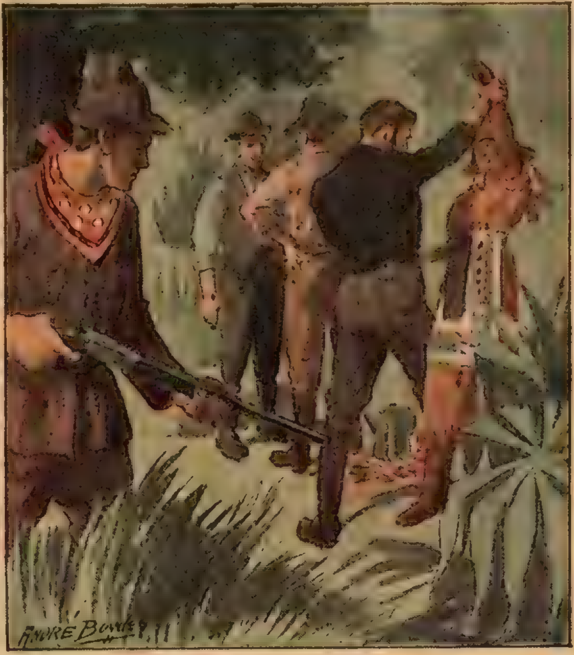

She struggled to get away from him.

ner of those Seminoles he had seen at Miami. There were only two in sight. One seemed to be doing the cooking, while the other was skinning some sort of animal. Amos at first was on the point of advancing straight to the fire, introducing himself, and making friends with these two campers. But he also remembered thinking it strange that they had manifested no curiosity when Dolph fired the shot that killed the rattler, for the sound must surely have reached their ears.

"Just hold on now, you impulsive Yankee," he said to himself, as he craned his neck to look closer; "perhaps after all these gentlemen may not prove to be in our class. They might be tempted to relieve us of a few things that chanced to take their eye. And on the whole, I don't believe they could help us out of our trouble any."

Something about the looks of the two rough men had warned him just in the nick of time. Perhaps he remembered certain stories that he had heard, connected with fugitives from justice who defied arrest while hidden in the depths of the Everglades. The one who had told him had bade him be on the lookout, and not trust every person he chanced to meet.

So Amos, with a caution that had been fostered by his study of such things as all Boy Scouts should know, decided that prudence dictated a masterly retreat. He had come and seen, and now he would retire without letting these rough-looking campers know of his presence. Indeed, he had even taken several backward steps, when his resolution received a sudden check. No hostile form jumped out upon him, nor was he interfered with by any animal of the forest, in the shape of wildcat or panther. New voices from the region of the burning fire floated to his ears, and he became aware of the fact that there had been an addition to the number of those occupying the camp. And one of the voices certainly sounded like that of a girl! Amos again faced the other way, conscious of the fact that new conditions had arisen, which might even cause him to change his plans.

Why, it certainly was a girl, though one glance told him she could not belong to the same race as himself, for she was dressed after the Seminole fashion. She appeared hardly more than a child, and as he looked Amos was conscious of the fact that her coming to the camp of the hunters might not have been entirely voluntary. A man had accompanied her. He was even a more desperate-looking character than the two whom Amos had been studying, at the time he decided not to make their acquaintance.

Something compelled the boy to creep closer. This child, from her actions, seemed to be in need of a protector, and all that was manly within Amos urged him to offer his services in case he found there was actual necessity. When he managed to get within hearing distance he found that the newcomer was talking angrily to the girl. Indeed, his voice was so gruff, and carried so readily, that Amos could catch all he said.

"Yuh belongs tuh me, gal, an' I'm gwine tuh hev yuh. Ain't I yer father? And ain't yer ma dead an' gone? What d'ye think I keers fur the laws o' the Seminoles as gives yuh tuh her people? Yuh gotter go wid me wharever I sez. I ben waitin' fur jest this chanct a long time, an' she kim at larst. Thet uncle o' yourn has gone tuh Miami, an' w'en he kims back he ain't a-gwine tuh find Little Sunshine in the lodge no more. An' ef he dars tuh foller Hank Peters, I knows a way tuh settle wid sech as him."

Amos saw light. This girl, then, was the child of this uncouth villain, who must have taken a Seminole wife. He may have been driven out of the village because of his rascality; and after the death of the woman the tribe had adopted the child. But here the unnatural father had come back, watching his chance, and stolen the girl!

Amos was a bit puzzled. He knew that ordinarily an outsider had no right to interfere between a parent and his own offspring. But there might arise circumstances which would make such interference justifiable. Was this such a time?

He had taken a sudden and violent dislike to the man calling himself Hank Peters. In his own mind he decided without hesitation that he could certainly be no fit guardian for a girl. Besides, if, as Amos suspected, the man were an outlaw, at war with society, and living in the wilderness like a wild animal, surely such conditions were not right for the bringing up of a daughter.

But what could he do? He lay there gritting his teeth, and trying to figure upon his plan of action. A score of possibilities flitted through his mind like ghosts. Some of them might have a grain of sense, but for the most part they were visionary, and not at all within the bounds of reason.

What if he dared to try and hold those three men up at the muzzle of his gun—even if he succeeded what under the sun could he and Dolph do with a little Seminole girl? Perhaps she would distrust them as much as she did her own father, and refuse to accompany them.

Was it any of his business after all? These family affairs had better be settled without the interference of outsiders. People who poked their noses in places where they were not wanted often had them pinched, and Amos confessed that he was not hankering after such an experience.

Of course, if the man went so far as to raise his hand to strike the girl, that would alter the case very much. He could not lie quiet and see a girl abused, even by one who claimed to be her own parent, unworthy as he might be to bear the name.

Amos partly expected to see her crying, but to his surprise nothing of the sort occurred. Evidently the child must have partaken of the nature of her Indian mother, and could face danger without flinching. She appeared to be defying the man; he kept hold of her arm as though afraid that if he let go she might run away and lose herself in the brush.

"Huh! if this keeps on, perhaps I'll be just forced to show my hand," muttered the watching lad, as he gripped his gun

(Continued on page twenty-two.)

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The Farmer's Interest in Government

BECAUSE the farmer combines in one person, the occupation of worker, manufacturer and merchant, his interest in political matters and the effects of governmental policies, is more than that of any other individual.

And because his mode of life renders him free from the passions and prejudices of men in other occupations, he is more open-minded than most men are.

Also, he knows the value of facts—as opposed to fancies, and he judges men and affairs by results as shown by the harvest of accomplishment.

No farmer need be told that under the present administration greater prosperity has existed upon the farm than has existed in the same period of time in the history of this country. The natural question in the minds of all of us is:

Do we want to change conditions by a change in administration?

Mr. Taft never has made any glaring promises that he would do any special favors for the farmer, nor has the farmer asked such. The farmer only wants justice. Mr. Taft has a judicial mind, and, always, in administrative affairs, he has kept in mind justice.

The most truthful accusation against Mr. Taft is that he is not a politician. He has had political advice in plenty, and he has been repeatedly told when he advocated certain measures, that such action might mean his political death. His invariable answer has been that the one consideration he had in mind was:

"Is this the right thing to do?"

Tariff Revision

On no subject has Mr. Taft been criticized more freely by his opponents than on the subject of the tariff.

Right here it is well to state that Mr. Taft has strictly adhered to his promise of a downward revision of the tariff while maintaining the protective principle.

For the first time, a President of the United States has taken decisive and effective steps to remove the question of tariff tinkering from politics.

Against the opposition of the politicians of both parties, he established a non-partisan tariff board or commission, whose special duty was to ascertain the difference between cost of production at home and abroad.

Then it was to make such a report that a schedule could be framed which would take care of the difference in cost and permit manufacturing to be carried on in this country.

Before this tariff commission reported, a political, vote-getting measure was presented to Mr. Taft for signature.

The President promptly vetoed this bill.

The facts afterwards presented to him, by the Tariff Board, clearly showed that two important branches of our wool industry—the raising of sheep by farmers, and the manufacture of certain kinds of woolens—would have been not only injured, but completely wiped out, if the schedules, as presented, were made effective.

Anyone who will read President Taft's message, in which he stated his reasons for the vetoe, can ascertain these facts for himself.

The President vetoed this bill after he had been warned by political friends that if he did so it would mean the end of his political life.

The interest of the farmer as worker, manufacturer and merchant, is in the maintaining of the home market.

The home manufactories built up under the protective policy have created the home market.

It is the policy of the Republican party to maintain this protective principle, and by an intelligent tariff commission, recommend reductions in the tariff in the interests of all the people where these reductions can be made without injuring our local industries. If it were not for our local manufactories, the farmer would be receiving one-half what he is now getting for his products.

The Democrats claim that the farmer is paying an excessive tariff tax and selling his goods in an open market.

As an actual matter of fact, we export but 4 per cent. of the wheat raised in this country, a little over 2 per cent. of the corn raised, and less than 1 per cent. of oats. It is the protective policy of the present administration which has fostered local manufacture, so that we consume at home practically all of the farmers' produce.

The desirability of the home market is recognized by every civilized nation, and even England, which is called a free trade country, values the home market so highly that a law was recently passed in that country, making it necessary for manufacturers of American goods who manufacture under patents to locate branch factories in England to protect their patents.

Since this law was passed, many American manufacturers have been compelled to erect factories in England.

Hence it is seen that England is only a free trade country when she can manufacture cheaper than we can. It is the home market that every government seeks to foster.

The home market is the farmers' market.

* * *

Most important in connection with this tariff question is to have duties recommended by a tariff board, non-partisan and scientific.

Then we secure a low tariff which represents just the difference between the cost of production abroad and at home.

President Taft created this board; fought for it; worked for it, and was guided by it, and every sane man knows that such a board is the only body of men who can devise a proper schedule of duties.

Just give Mr. Taft his tariff board and we will get our low tariff—our home-market tariff—with no favors nor political log-rolling and job-juggling.

This Tariff Board must be maintained. Its first report—four large volumes—contains the most enlightening, useful information ever secured on cost of manufacturing and growing of wool and cotton—and it is reliable.

Factories were visited—workmen consulted—books examined—the raisers of sheep were seen—all conditions of production learned at first hand. No biased information based on selfish interests was depended on.

We need the Tariff Commission, which Mr Taft gave us.

Trust Prices

It has remained for President Taft's administration to uncover causes of high prices on certain manufactured goods and to expose trust methods which have been wrongly attributed to the tariff.

In completing and bringing to a successful issue cases which his predecessor started (and now says it was no use to start) certain facts were disclosed and the President promptly took steps to correct evils that were apparent.

Certain practices were in vogue under the protection of the patent laws. By a special message to Congress, Mr. Taft asked for amendments to these laws.

In his report recommending such a law as the President requested, the Chairman of the Committee on Patents gives the following explanation of the purposes of the different clauses:

> "Clause (i) is directed against the practice of temporary cut-throat competition so persistently pursued by the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts.
>
> "Clause (j). This clause is designed to prevent the illegal and immoral methods so frequently pursued by the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts of illegally securing secret information as an instrument for preventing competition."

The report quotes a number of court decisions—two of which are very significant, and from which the following extracts are taken:

> "That one of the parties had acquired over 100 patents pertaining to straw stackers."
>
> Another, "was charged with having acquired 85 patents on spring-tooth harrows."

Here we have an explanation of how, by the ownership of patents, the Farm Machinery Trust is able to sell implements to the farmers for more money than it sells them abroad.

It isn't the tariff laws that need tinkering in such cases. It is the patent laws that need amending.

Mr. Taft has recommended a revision to correct existing patent evils, and perhaps the strong opposition to him of the Farm Machinery Trusts and the cordial support of these interests for the Third Term candidate may have an explanation in this direction.

Control of Trusts

The Taft administration has made it unpleasant for the gentlemen who operate illegal combines and these gentlemen now want some one to "contol" them.

They want to be told just what they can do and whom they can "do,"—and the Third Term Party has promised to tell them this.

"Big Business" is getting top heavy and there is a loud cry from it for the Government to come to the rescue and O. K. the issue of bonds and stock and fix the prices.

* * *

Another point to present to the people of this country:

The present incumbent of the White House has never had his word questioned.

He has never felt under the necessity of calling his opponents bad names nor applying any epithets. His word never has been disputed—either his private statements or his public utterances.

Mr. Taft doesn't try to fool the people. He doesn't go out and pitch a few forks of hay to carry the idea to the farmer that he is "one of us." Neither does he get his picture taken hacking at a tree with an ax—in order to have campaign material.

Mr. Taft is a sane, able, dignified gentleman.

* * *

Mr. Taft stands for an effective Parcels Post.

Mr. Taft is for every advanced form of governmental administration for the benefit and advantage of the whole people.

Additional reasons why President Taft is the farmer's real candidate will be presented in this space in the next issue of this paper.

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Boy Scout Adventures.

(Continuend from page twenty.)

nervously, keeping his eyes glued on the campfire and what was taking place there.

He was thrilled with the possibility of coming trouble; yet thoughts of slipping away so as to avoid the consequences no longer appealed to him. And while crouching there among the tangled vines and bunches of saw palmetto shrubbery, Amos became aware of the fact that there was a new factor about to enter upon the scene. A slight movement in the live-oak under which the fire blazed had caught his eye and given him cause for wonder!

CHAPTER VI.

AMOS SHOWS HIS HAND.

"Oh, it must be a panther!"

That was what Amos whispered to himself, as he managed to make out a dark form clinging to a gnarled limb of the live-oak tree. The Spanish moss was trailing from the various branches, and moving constantly in the current of hot air that ascended from the fire. And yet amid it all the really keen eyes of the young scout could discern a hump that certainly did not form part and parcel of the tree itself.

Would the animal spring down from its point of vantage, and take the occupants of the wilderness camp by surprise? Perhaps the girl might be the object of its attention. The thought gave Amos cause to half raise his Marlin. What must his duty be in the premises? Ought he to shoot, and at least wound, the creature, so as to distract its attention from the intended prey? But was it a panther after all? That was only a conjecture on his part, for the light had not betrayed any part of the figure sufficiently for him to fully decide such a point.

Another idea suddenly forced itself upon him. Might not this crouching figure after all be a human being? Even as he tried to grapple with this startling conception, he saw that the dark mass was actually moving again. As he looked, gripped in such suspense that he even forgot to breathe, he saw a head carefully thrust out. Why, it was a man after all, and evidently a Seminole Indian; for about his head was wound the strange turban that seems to be the distinguishing mark of the tribe, in Florida, at least.

Amos began to understand. Perhaps the uncle of whom Hank had spoken, had not gone to Miami after all. Discovering the trail of the trio of plume hunters, and possibly suspecting one of the objects that brought Hank to that isolated region, he may have turned back to investigate. Coming upon the camp, he had managed to mount the tree, unseen by either of the two men then holding forth, there he calmly waited the turn of events.

Amos now realized that perhaps he was about to be a witness of a drama of the Everglades. Undoubtedly this guardian of the girl would never allow Hank to carry the child away, as he tnreatened to do. What then? In case a crisis was forced, what part should he take in it? Amos was trying to decide as he lay there watching, listening.

He heard the girl speak again. She must have come passively thus far with the one she knew to be her father; but after learning that he meant to take her away from the place she called home, her spirit was aroused. Amos could not understand what she said, for he had no possible acquaintance with the Seminole tongue; but her actions were plain enough, for she struggled to break away from the detaining hand of the rough man.

As Hank's companions were grinning with amusement over his family troubles, the ugly nature of the man began to show itself. First he swore dreadfully, and as this did not seem to quell the spirit of insurrection in the breast of his girl, he raised his hand to strike her.

Amos was caught napping, as it happened. He had really not anticipated such a thing, and his gun was not ready for instant work. But the blow did not fall. The girl, never shrinking, stood there, looking into the furious face of her unnatural parent; and perhaps it was something in her flashing eyes that held back the upraised hand just three seconds.

That was time enough. Amos saw the dark mass that had been clinging to the bent limb of the live-oak suddenly disengage itself, and drop. He started up to his knees, and began to fumble with the lock of his rifle, as though some intuition told him the time was at hand when, whether he wished it or not, he he must get in the game.

It happened that the concealed spy in the tree had been exactly over the spot where Hank stood. Hence, all that seemed necessary was for him to let go his hold, and he was bound to land on top of the man below. Instantly there was a scene of confusion. Amos knew that the newcomer was banging the head of his victim on the ground, in the effort to bring about unconsciousness. The other two men uttered shouts of amazement at seeing such an extraordinary thing, but at the same time jumped up, evidently with the intention of securing the guns that leaned against the massive trunk of the live-oak.

Then Amos knew his time had come. If he meant to lend a hand to assist this Seminole to obtain his rights, and prevent the girl from being kidnaped by her criminal father, he must show his hand.

"Hold on, there, both of you! Let those guns alone, or something is going to happen, something that you won't like!" he called out.

Both men came to a sudden halt. Perhaps they had a terrible fear just then that some sheriff whom they had good cause to dread, had come upon the scene, and was ready to open fire if they disobeyed. Imagine their surprise and disgust, when, upon looking around, they made the discovery that the one who commanded them to stand was a mere boy. But then he held a modern firearm in his hands, and there was something in his way of handling the repeating rifle that warned them that he knew how to use it. A gun may be just as deadly a tool in the hands of a half-grown lad as a full-fledged man.

Amos sauntered forward. He believed that he held the situation in his hand, and he was fully determined not to let either of the men get anywhere near those weapons. The Seminole had by now gained his feet. Hank lay there as though pretty well subdued; and the boy noted that the Indian had picked up the fallen gun as though he meant to possess himself of his enemy's weapon.

"Walk over to the other side of the camp, you two!" commanded the boy, giving his gun a significant flirt, as though indicating just what he would do if they ventured to disobey him.

The fellows looked yearningly at the two guns, as if they would almost yield to the temptation and take chances by a sudden leap.

"Just try it, that's all!" said Amos, with all the sternness he could command; "and see what you get. Be on the move now! Do you hear me?"

Growling half under their breath the men obeyed. There was nothing else left for them to do, for they did not just fancy the way this Northern lad handled that tool he held. But if ever he had set eyes on furious rascals it was then. To be humbled thus by a boy doubled their rage; and Amos, seeing this, at once made up his mind they must under no condition be allowed to regain possession of those guns. If such a thing occurred he would not like to be answerable for the consequences.

The Seminole was looking at him eagerly. This sudden coming of a friend in his time of need must have been pleasant indeed to the Indian. The girl stood by him, and her attitude bespoke confidence and reliance in this native son of the Everglades, this uncle whom she looked upon as her protector.

"Gather up the guns!" said Amos, wondering at the same time whether the native could understand enough English to comprehend what he meant.

Perhaps he did, or it may have been that his natural sagacity, together with that one word "guns" told the Seminole what was wanted. At any rate, he im-

HOW DO YOU SIZE UP?

Do you know my friend, that to be strong, healthy, clear-eyed and strong-nerved is the greatest boon in the world? Your faculties are all normal and evenly balanced; you love life for itself; you conquer obstacles that the weakling would tremble at; you cast good cheer about you; you fascinate all who come within the sphere of your influence. Do you know that the true power of so-called "Hypnotic Influence" is really nothing more than the strong, personal magnetism of the one who exerts it? Therefore, if I restore your health, reader, I give you the power to win. It makes no difference to me what caused your ailing condition, whether young or elderly, short or tall, if I can show you a way by which you yourself can restore your health and banish your pains (without drugs) then I can make you strong, vigorous and capable, buoyant of spirit and fascinating in manner. I will here merely say that my method is a system of vitalization by means of an appliance of my own invention and which under my patent rights, I call a HEALTH BELT. You place this HEALTH BELT around your waist upon going to bed and wear it nights until you are thoroughly restored to strength and health. The sensation it produces is a most pleasant one; merely a warm, soft, gentle flow. This new method often takes the pain or weakness out of your back in a few hours' time, while you commence to feel better at once. Sixty to ninety days is usually sufficient to build up your nerves and body, so that you will probably look better and feel better than you have ever looked or felt before.

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mediately sprang forward. The two men on their feet gave vent to louder threats; but Amos was covering them, and meant to act if they tried to interfere with the carrying out of his order.

They saw it in his manner, and lacked the nerve to take chances. So, the two guns were gathered up in the arms of the Seminole. Not a smile flickered across his impassive mahogany-colored face; and yet he must have felt the delights that fall to the victor in the battle.

"Now come with me, both of you. And the man who tries to follow had better look out. This rifle shoots straight, and many times," observed Amos, and, much to his own surprise, with hardly a tremor in his voice.

"Say, younker, you wouldn't go so far as ter leave the kit o' us away out here in this wilderness without ary a weepon, would yuh?" spoke up one of the ruffians just then, though probably hating himself for having to appeal for mercy to a half-grown lad.

"Oh! I don't think any of you will starve, if it comes to that," said Amos, "and the guns are in the possession of this chief. If you want them real bad you'll have to visit him in his village and make arrangements. But whatever you do, don't try to follow after us now. You understand?"

Apparently they did, for neither of them made a move so long as Amos remained in sight. He backed out of camp, with the two Seminoles close beside him, the man burdened with three guns.

To the surprise of Amos, hardly had they lost sight of the fire, and the group of men—for Hank had also arisen and seemed to be consulting with his pals—than the Indian caught him by the hand, and began to thank him in very fair English.

"Oh! that's all right, old fellow!" replied the boy, a little confused by finding himself in such a position. "You'd do as much for me if the chance came. I just couldn't sit there and see you get licked, you know. And I guess the girl wants to stay with her people. That Hank looks like a rascal every way, and not fit to tote a girl around with him."

"Big thief—get in heap trouble in Miami—'fraid go there any more—try to make give girl over—say good-by, but we know he not gone—that why crawl up to camp, get in tree to watch. Much good boy—come village all can thank same."

"Now, that's awful kind of you, old fellow," said Amos, hastily; "but I hardly think I care to linger in this locality longer than necessary. I have a friend in camp not far away. Come with me and meet him. Then you can get to your own home when you like."

"Good. White boy all right," and that was all the Seminole said, being a man of few words when away from his own fireside and in contact with the whites.

More time had elapsed while Amos was watching the camp of the plume hunters, than he would have believed possible. He did not know just what Dolph must think of his continued absence; but likely the other would be more or less alarmed.

All the time they were walking toward the edge of the water, Amos kept turning his head frequently, as though he more than half expected to hear sounds indicating pursuit on the part of the angry Hank and his companions, but nothing of the kind happened. Despite their ugly looks, it appeared that the three hunters possessed a grain of caution, and feared lest in chasing after the departing ones they might be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.

Nor had Amos any idea that he plunged into the interior so far when heading for that column of black smoke. Indeed, once he began to fear that he must have taken the wrong direction when thinking he had headed for the water. So he turned to the Indian and asked him the question.

"Water near by—soon see um—two, three minutes, all right," was the immediate reply that reassured him.

As Amos was more than a little proud concerning his knowledge of woodcraft, he must have felt chagrin had his reckoning proved at fault. As it was, he could continue to pat himself on the back, and feel the same old pride as of yore in the principles he had imbibed while acting as scout leader to the Wolverine Patrol.

Sure enough, they presently broke cover, and saw the glistening surface of the water ahead, upon which the silvery glow of the stars fell. Looking toward the north Amos felt a pang of disappointment when he failed to discover any sign of a fire. Still, he must remember that various points projected from the land, most of which would be covered with vegetation; and that these must surely hide a small fire such as that by the side of which he had left Dolph cooking supper.

He trudged along steadily. Now and then as he walked he cast a glance out on the water. Even though Dolph might have deserted the fire and gone abroad, surely the Vixen must be visible, once they reached the place of the landing.

And then without warning he discovered what seemed to be a dying fire not far ahead. Immediately his heart grew lighter, for he did not doubt in the least but that he would find his chum there in camp, impatiently counting the minutes, and wondering what under the sun could be detaining the one who had strolled forth to pick up game.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this fine story. You will find it interesting to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Should Have Known.

General Clarence Edwards, U. S. A., is a fine figure of a man, having a face indicative of more than the average amount of intelligence and a carriage that was developed by the pride of youth and matured by running at high speed through the bolo-infested jungles of the Philippines.

One day he was standing on a street corner in Cincinnati when a young lady, in a "swell" tailored suit and in a hurry, stepped up to him with this request:

"Say, mister, will you tell me what car will take me to the zoo?"

The General, who is as polite as he is handsome—and that statement contains neither sarcasm nor satire—removed his military cap and put a few creases into his military uniform by convoluting his figure into a profound bow. Having made this preliminary pantomime, he gently informed the lady that it almost broke his heart to say that he was a stranger in Cincinnati and unfamiliar with the routes and personal habits of the street cars.

"Well," said the girl, greatly irritated, "why don't you know? Aren't you a policeman?"

* * *

A Daniel of Two Minds.

A Kentucky blacksmith was elected justice of the peace. The first case he tried was litigation involving the ownership of a cow. The lawyers on both sides were young, ambitious, and eloquent.

The lawyer for the plaintiff spoke for half an hour in his best vein. When he sat down, the new justice said:

"I've heard enough—plaintiff wins."

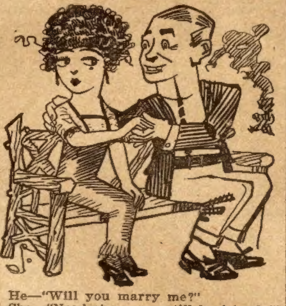
The lawyer for the other side protested that he had something to say, too, and that it was unfair to render a judgment until both parties to the action had been heard.

"Go ahead and talk if you want," said his honor, "but my mind's fully made up."

The young lawyer went ahead—for an hour. He was a better orator even than his smiling and triumphant adversary. In his remarks on the cow he introduced, among other topics, the bonny-blue flag and the old Kentucky home. When he sat down, the new justice said:

"Well, now, don't that beat all? Defense wins!"

* * *



He—"Will you marry me?"
She—"No; but we can still be friends!"
He—"Always. I can never forget your kindness."

* * *

Johnny's Text.

Father was walking to Sunday School with little Johnny and endeavoring to improve the time by teaching Johnny his Golden Text, the words of which were: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Johnny repeated it after his father several times and seemed to have mastered the correct wording.

As they drew near the Sunday School the father gave Johnny his last rehearsal. "Now, son," he said, "let's have the Golden Text once more without any help from me."

This is what he got from Johnny: "Whatsoever a man sews always rips."

* * *

Pious.

Police courts are not always marked by an atmosphere of piety, but the exception to the rule occurred in a court where a very religious man against whom one of the neighbors was making a complaint was being tried for some trivial offense. The complaining witness was called to the stand to relate his side of the story, and the defendant listened closely for several minutes. Then his personal feelings overrode court etiquette and he rushed up to the Judge, fervently exclaiming: "Your Honor, the brother is lying. Praise the Lord!"

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In reply to your letter just received, will say that three years ago the 18th of July I began bleeding at the lungs and came near bleeding to death. I had two doctors with me for three days before they stopped the bleeding. I was very slow about recovering and I asked one of the doctors what he thought of my case and he said: "Well, I will not keep you in the dark; you have Tuberculosis and you will have to get out of this country." So I began to travel around for my health and try everything I heard of that was good for the lungs. I would spit up an awful lot of the worst looking corruption I ever saw. It was about thirty months of suffering before I began Prof. Samuels's treatment and that was at the beginning of winter, a hard time to doctor for the lungs. But in one month I was able to do some little work and in two months I thought I did not need any more of his treatment, and am glad to say that I still don't think so, for I am well and am not bothered with my lungs any more. I am fat and do not look as though I had ever had a day's sickness in my life. I suppose the same cause that brought on my lung trouble would bring it back again, and if it ever does I will send to Prof. Samuels for some more of his wonderful treatment. Yours truly, J. P. ARTHURS.

Prof. H. Samuels

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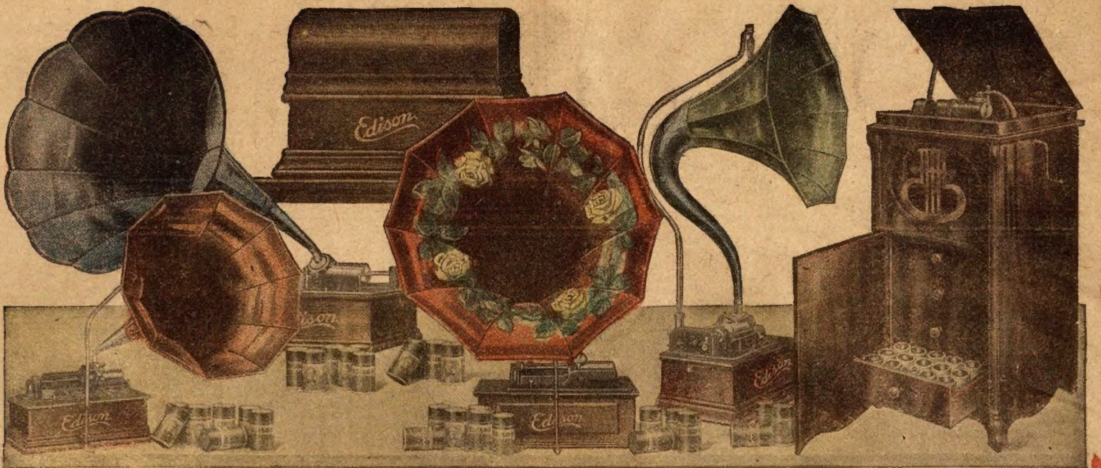

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